V. S. S. COLES

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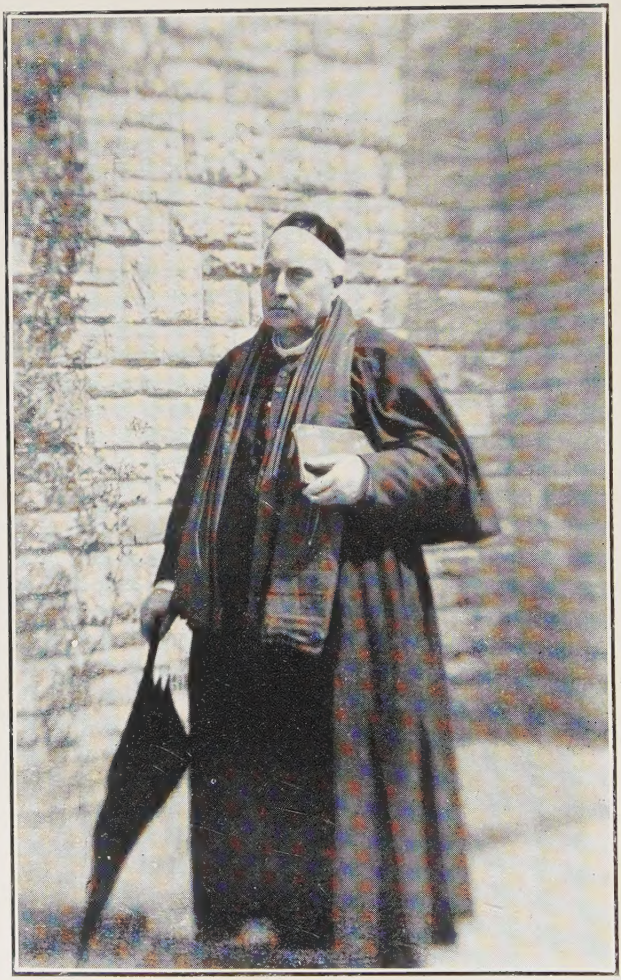

V. S. S. Coles.

(A photograph taken at Truro in 1917 by the Rev. P. H. Preston.)

V. S. S. COLES

LETTERS, PAPERS, ADDRESSES
HYMNS & VERSES
WITH A MEMOIR

EDITED BY
J. F. BRISCOE, M.A.
Rector of Bagborough

WITH A PREFACE BY THE RIGHT REV.
CHARLES GORE, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

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PREFACE

WHEN I had read this memoir of one of the best and truest friends I ever had, I naturally felt that I could not write such a prefatory note as was asked of me, because of the way in which the subject of the memoir speaks of me personally. However, I have been convinced that he would have wished me to write it, so I will do as I am asked, contenting myself with remarking about the passages I have referred to, that we used often to find occasion to tell our friend that 'all his geese were swans.'

It is possible to deprecate composite memoirs: but in this case it was hardly possible to contemplate anything else. And the sketches of the same man contributed to this volume by different hands, both the longer and the shorter, seem to me to be admirable—perfectly truthful pictures of a very remarkable character. If I may add two remarks about him, they would be these—that I have seldom known a man, whose whole life was based on a dogmatic Catholic foundation unhesitatingly held, who was at the same time so appreciative of people who had assimilated the Christian religion on a very

different basis : it was as a result of this continued openness to new impressions, without losing hold of the old, that, if one saw him after a longish interval, one always expected to hear something new. This is not a common experience among men who are getting old.

The other remark I would make is that in his mind the grave and the gay lay close together. This gave a singular charm to his conversation. One moment he would be telling an amusing story with the greatest gusto or shaking with laughter over some funny incident, and the next would find him sinking to the depths of solemnity or rising to the heights of aspiration without either feeling or giving any sense of incongruity. His reaction was equally spontaneous to the most different varieties of experience. But these are little details. I have in substance nothing to add to the picture of a most lovable character which this memoir presents.

✠ CHARLES GORE.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

I SUPPOSE that very few among the priests of the Church of England during the last fifty years were better known than Canon Stuckey Coles. To a very large number he was an intimate friend and a spiritual father : to an even larger number he was known as a great preacher of righteousness, a stalwart defender of the Catholic Faith, an ardent apostle of the Catholic Revival. He was known as an ideal village priest, and no less as a wise and powerful teacher, though unofficial, in a great University.

For his friends who treasure his memory, and for those who may desire to know about him in the future, I have tried to gather in this book characteristic illustrations of his life's work. I have made a small selection from many letters, and in four papers written by himself may be seen his view of the progress of the Catholic Revival in his time. Mr. Borlase, as Canon Coles expressly desired, has made a sketch of his life, and I have tried to describe further some phases of his life and character.

I am very grateful to Dr. Gore for his preface, and for reading through the proofs of the book ; to Dr. Stone, who also has read through

the proofs; and to Lord Halifax, Prebendary Mackay, Prebendary Lethbridge, and other friends for much valuable help.

Those who have so kindly lent me letters and contributed reminiscences have done very much towards the making of the book.

Before me as I write is almost the last of very many letters Canon Coles wrote to me. In it he says, 'I hope you can put the best interpretation on what I feel bound to think and say.' I hope indeed that nothing I have written here is other than a tribute of loving and dutiful affection to one who was for so long my father and friend.

J. F. BRISCOE.

Bagborough.
S. James's Day, 1930.

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V. S. S. COLES

By G. W. Borlase, M.A.
Rector of Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey

V. S. S. COLES

VINCENT Stuckey Stratton Coles was born in the old Rectory of Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset, on March 27, 1845. His father was the Rev. James Stratton Coles, 'squarson' of the parish, and his mother a daughter of Vincent Stuckey, the well-known west-country banker.

His childhood and much of his early manhood were spent amidst the quiet beauty of the remote village to which he returned to spend his last days. In those years he gained a love for the country and country people which he never lost.

In his boyhood he was fond of riding and walking, and entered into many interests of the countryside. Sport in the ordinary sense of the word never appealed to him, and in later life he seriously questioned the morality of hunting and shooting. While still very young he rode daily on his pony to the neighbouring village of Hambridge, where the Vicar taught him Latin. From early days people interested him far more than things, and he soon showed that genius for friendship with people of all classes which was such a marked characteristic of his later life. His father's ideal of the priestly life and duty must have been far in advance of that of the

country parson of his day, and in later life he was greatly influenced by the Tractarians. His mother was clearly a woman of deep religious principles, and to the end of his life Stuckey, as his friends always called him, used to mention how much he owed to her. She was apparently attracted to the ' Tractarian ' or ' Oxford Movement ' by reading the *Christian Year*, and no doubt it was from her that he caught his early enthusiasm for that cause.

Stuckey was interested in religion from childhood. His sister, Miss Coles, records that he always took a great interest in religious matters, and mentions that as a very small boy he said he wished to be ordained, and used to induce the servants to listen to his sermons. In fact the religion of Jesus Christ was the chief enthusiasm of his life. He was not without strong temptations, and at no period did he find life easy. However, from the beginning he found the help and guidance that he needed in the Christian religion, and so gained the unwavering faith which is based on rich spiritual experience. He once told me that he had never had any serious doubt about the Faith, but that writings of apologists had not helped him much, since he could never remember their arguments. His belief was based on something different. At certain periods of his life he had doubts about the position of the Church of England, and he ever felt the attraction of Rome, though he seemed to regard it rather in the light of a

temptation. Enthusiastic as he was for the advance of the Tractarian movement and the Catholic party, he never lost sight of the main principles of religion, or became narrow or sectional.

From the early 'fifties the fervour of the movement was having its influence on the countryside. Churches were being built and 'restored,' orderliness and beauty were being brought back into the services, and a new interest in religion was evinced. So it is not to be wondered at that a spiritually-minded, enthusiastic youth should be attracted to this movement from which all that was alive and beautiful seemed to come. Certainly, while still a young boy, Stuckey embraced the Tractarian cause with all the fervour of his being, and was ever after closely identified with it. He joined the English Church Union when he was eighteen, but tells us that for years before that he 'felt himself a young and humble member of the fellowship of the Catholic revival.' Everything connected with it was endued with extraordinary glamour, and he mentions elsewhere how he saw a chasuble for the first time in 1861, and Father Stanton in 1862.

In 1855 Stuckey was sent to a preparatory school at Exmouth, where he was not very happy. This probably was due to the fact that he was stout and suffered from poor health. These two afflictions he bore with wonderful patience throughout a long life, but they

incapacitated him from games and would make life among small boys difficult. He was always sensitive about his stoutness, but I remember his telling us how, when a boy at Eton refused to recognize Charles I as a royal martyr, he promptly sat on him until enlightenment came, and added : ' You see I was quite as stout in proportion then as I am now.'

Though Stuckey was never good looking in the ordinary sense of the word he had a striking presence, and his kindly eyes looking out from beneath one black and one white eyebrow seemed to invite confidence. He had a large, sensitive mouth, and in later years his face acquired great spiritual beauty. He was one of those people whom once having seen one does not forget, and in a crowded room he generally seemed to be the point of attraction.

When he was thirteen he was confirmed in Martock Church, and in the same year he went to Eton where, in spite of his lack of aptitude and interest in games, he was apparently happy and popular. He established friendships with several boys destined to be well known in after life, amongst whom were the young poet Digby Mackworth Dolben ; Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate ; and young Archibald Primrose, afterwards Lord Rosebery, with whom he wrote a hymn. In spite of his being plunged suddenly into the various distractions of Public School life, religion and matters ecclesiastical remained his chief interest. At Eton he soon

showed his capacity for spiritual leadership. Dr. Robert Bridges, his old schoolfellow and life-long friend, wrote in his introduction to a book of Dolben's poems : 'We were both Puseyites and members of a small group of "High-Church" boys. Coles,' he says, 'pre-eminent for his precocious theological bent and devotion to the cause, was indeed the recognized authority, and our leader in so far as universal esteem and confidence could give any one such a position among us.'

Stuckey himself, writing of this time, mentions : 'We had come to know that there was such a thing as a "retreat," though how to set about it rather puzzled us. We had reduced our food, and had settled down to devotions consisting eminently of prayers for the soul of King Henry VI, but "after four" our constancy broke down and some one was sent for ices.'

Besides his marked religious devotion and interest he was at this time developing what Bishop Gore in a notice in *The Times* calls 'his enormous capacity for friendship, and his unforgetting faithfulness to his friends.' His love for his friends throughout his life was remarkable for its intensity, tenderness, and catholicity. Stuckey's friends were of every age and class, for he was capable of as great affection for a ploughboy as for a peer. However, he soon realized that this beautiful and ennobling love for his friends might co-exist with much that is faulty and ill-regulated, and even with much

that is corrupt, and that, like all passionate enthusiasms, it has untold capacities for good but also carries within it possibilities for evil. While still a schoolboy Stuckey set himself the task of sanctifying his friendships, and thought out a philosophy of conduct in these matters.

From the first he realized that this love was given for sacrifice, and that it meant giving and not getting. So it became a ruling principle that all he had and was must be absolutely at the service of his friends, and friendship literally meant for him an opportunity of giving. Because of his ideal that friendship should be wholly unselfish, he severely repelled the least suggestion of jealousy or in fact the seeking for any return. His two great enthusiasms—his religion and his friendships—were closely intertwined. His love of our Lord was expressed in his work for his friends and his longing to bring them to his own joyful faith, while his love for his friends stirred him to seek personal holiness that he might have the more to convey. If ever, with reverence, it might be said of any man, 'For their sakes I sanctify myself,' it could surely be said of him.

As the years went on he learned to sublimate his warmth of feeling into an intense love of souls, and to feel that the joy God gave him in the friendship of certain people was something that must be given back to others—perhaps to those who attracted him least. It was the intensity of the early battle and the sanctification

of his friendships that enabled him to guide the numbers who sought his counsel in later years, and made them feel that the advice he gave was the fruit of his own hard-won victory. Often he would state some conclusion which one felt was the outcome of much thought and experience, such as 'Love that is not given for marriage is given for sacrifice.' Or again, 'All love is meant to be threefold like the love of the Blessed Trinity; the love of the husband and the wife is perfected in the love of the child, and therefore,' he would add, 'one must never try to keep one's friends to oneself.'

While still a schoolboy we find him trusted and consulted. Dr. Bridges tells how young Dolben, while at Eton, conceived a passionate devotion for a boy called Manning, and was in the habit of writing verses about him. 'Dolben,' he says, 'would never show the poems or speak much of the matter to me,' but adds, 'He had, however, not shrunk from speaking openly of it at that date to Coles, whose advice in any spiritual dilemma he constantly sought or playfully provoked.'

Another remarkable characteristic of Stuckey was his instinctive dislike of saying or doing anything that might hurt others. Dr. Bridges alludes to the habit in those days of provoking masters by petty annoyances, and mentions: 'There were some whose character preserved their manners from being contaminated by this local folly; among these Coles was one.'

In several of Dolben's letters there are references to Coles's having failed to answer letters, a habit his friends complained of to the end. Dolben on one occasion wrote to Dr. Bridges, who had just gone to Oxford : 'I look anxiously in the Births, Marriages, and Deaths for some news of Coles, for I can get none in any other way.' Stuckey's correspondence in later years was enormous and his post-bag was full of missives from those seeking spiritual advice and help in various ways. His letters always conveyed a sense of intimacy and he frequently did not hesitate to give his feelings rein. Though he was somewhat unbusinesslike with regard to ordinary correspondence, he rarely failed to write at once to a friend in real need or trouble, and many of his letters contain expressions of deep regret for delay and lack of method. In reply to a complaint of mine in 1921 that he had failed to answer an important letter, he wrote characteristically :

My dear Friend,—I did not realize that I had been quite as shamefully neglectful of you as I find I have been, but I can truly say that when I get a letter from you my thought always is, I must put this away till I have a moment to write about things that are nearest to us both, and then the letter gets into a congested heap. That is hardly an excuse. Can you believe that you are as dear to me as ever, and that I write these words with a great longing to see you ? I think you know me well enough to understand that my miserable disorder and procrastination do not represent what is strongest in me.

From Eton he went up to Balliol and soon became greatly interested in the religious side of Oxford life. At that time the views of the Tractarians were still discussed in Common Rooms. Newman and Manning had gone to Rome but Pusey was still in Oxford ; and Liddon, a life Student of Christ Church, was exerting a great influence among undergraduates.

Stuckey took a third in ' Moderations ' and a third in ' Greats,' much to the disappointment of his friends and tutors, who expected him to take a better class. But apart from the fact that his time was largely taken up with ecclesiastical interests, as Bishop Gore wrote in *The Times* : ' He was never a student and always preferred persons to books, though he had a great faculty for tearing the heart out of a book.'

He also developed considerable gifts as a hymn writer. Several hymns of his are included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and the *English Hymnal*. Perhaps the best is the one commencing :

We pray Thee, heavenly Father,
To hear us in Thy love,
And pour upon Thy children
The unction from above ;
That so in love abiding,
From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer
Our Eucharist to Thee.

Some years later he was chosen as one of the

small committee that revised *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

He had a very keen perception of the beautiful in nature and art, but no interest in ancient things as such. Once, when I was anxious to show him some very early brasses in my church in Norfolk, he said, 'Don't trouble, I believe in life everlasting, I don't believe in brasses.'

Stuckey, even before leaving Eton, seems to have been quite clear about taking 'Orders.' He no doubt felt that as a priest he could best find the true outlet for the two great enthusiasms of his being—his love for our Lord and his love for his friends.

After a year at Cuddesdon, where Edward King was Principal, he was ordained to a curacy at Wantage under W. S. Butler, afterwards Dean of Lincoln. Butler was a wonderful parish priest and Coles, who had a great admiration for him, learnt much from his methods.

In 1872, when he had been at Wantage for three years, his father died, and he was presented to the family living of Shepton Beauchamp. Stuckey soon after leaving Eton was apparently troubled by doubts as to whether he ought to accept a family living, for Dolben wrote to Robert Bridges about this time : 'I heard from Coles the other day. He is distressed as to his father's living—thinks it would be wrong for him to take it. But as the reverend gentleman is in good health, this seems an unnecessary anxiety for the present.' How-

ever, Stuckey appears eventually to have felt that it was right for him to accept, and for the twelve years following his father's death he threw himself whole-heartedly into the work of this country cure.

The services were increased in number and dignity, and his love and sympathy won the hearts of the villagers, particularly those of the young men and lads. His earnest desire was to bring his people to love the Catholic Faith and practice, but he ever respected their slowness, and was content to build steadily, so that Shepton before long came to be regarded as a model of what a Catholic parish should be. This small sphere, however, could not for long absorb all his energy and enthusiasm, and he soon came to be asked to take missions in London and elsewhere, in fact for many years there was hardly any one in the Church of England more sought after as a missioner. At his best he was truly eloquent, and his obvious sincerity and sympathy made him almost irresistible, particularly to simple folk. To see Stuckey walking up and down the aisle of a Somerset church, talking to the country folk in the dialect that they loved and understood, was something never to be forgotten.

In 1884 he was called to be one of the four librarians at Pusey House. The house had just been founded as a memorial to Dr. Pusey. It contained a chapel and library and was intended as a head-quarters for four priests, who would

devote themselves to spiritual work among members of the University. This offer gave Stuckey the opportunity of doing the great work of his life, for as Bishop King said to him : ' You have learned to be the friend of country lads, and now you will have to be the friend of undergraduates.'

There was some surprise that a priest from a country rectory should have been brought up to be librarian with great scholars like Gore and Brightman. He was no scholar but was of scholarly mind, and from the first he gave himself not so much to the justification of the Catholic Faith as to the spiritual guidance of individuals. In this there was no one quite like him, for he seemed able to understand and help every type of undergraduate. The catholicity of his sympathy was immense. I once asked him whether he did not sometimes come across a youth who jarred on him. After a moment's silence he said : ' There are occasions when I find it best to shut my eyes and imagine that I am talking to the nicest boy I know.' After his death Bishop Gore, who was a fellow librarian for some years, wrote : ' I wonder if there was any one of his contemporaries who knew so many people, as one may say, within and without, and remembered all about them ' ; and again, ' There are very few men of our time who have died more widely regretted by individuals who have owed very much to him.'

Stuckey was interested in every one, and

because he longed to bring them to his own joyous faith he never lost an opportunity of getting into touch with them, always talking to people in trains and omnibuses. At the beginning of one October term he entered into conversation with a youthful freshman between London and Oxford. In the course of their talk the freshman informed Stuckey that he had a letter of introduction to a man called Coles at a place called Pusey House, but did not think that he would present it. As Coles got out of the carriage he turned to the freshman and said: 'I should take that letter to Coles if I were you, you will know him when you see him, as he has got one white eyebrow and one black one,' and then went chuckling down the platform.

He was always a courteous host, and an amusing talker with a fund of laughter ever ready to bubble up. But what really caught us in those days was his intense devotion to our Lord, and the simplicity of his single aim to bring others to share in his experience of the abounding love of God. We realized too that he cared for us and wished to help us with a passionate longing. We felt that his victory over sin was largely won that he might the better serve us, and that he was really interested in us and loved seeing us. There was never a trace of effort, and when one went to see him he always conveyed the impression that, for the moment, one was the only person in the world for him. He could be stern and rebuke, but I

doubt whether any one ever resented it, because of the love and understanding that lay behind. His days were largely taken up with interviewing the endless stream of undergraduates who came to him throughout the term. The amazing thing was that he remembered about them all, and continued to remember them long after they had left the University. It was only quite near the end, when his memory was failing, that he seemed to forget anything about his friends.

One who came up to Oxford as an undergraduate, soon after Stuckey had settled in at the Pusey House, wrote :

I owe to him more than one could ever express. What struck one most was his entire consecration of himself, his time, and his gifts to our Lord's service. . . . He had a love of souls which I have never found equalled elsewhere. He seemed to be accessible at all hours of the day and night . . . his patience with one was wonderful. When one went rambling on talking of every subject except the one one meant to talk about and was too shy to do so, he listened and was never impatient. His sheer goodness, too, was irresistible, and he would be content with nothing except the highest standard and motives in us. He was the first person who ever saw good in me and helped me to see possibilities in myself. My love and trust in him was very great.

In another letter he writes :

Stuckey could be very compelling at times. Once, meeting him towards the end of term, he said, ' Oh, D., I am arranging for a retreat on the last day of term, it would be excellent for you to try one, will you come ? '

'Sorry,' I replied, 'but that happens to be my twenty-first birthday.' 'Well, how could you spend it better than in retreat?' I was so taken aback with the effrontery of the remark that he had his way, and my parents' little plans for me had to be postponed. Did any one ever do the like?

It was to the same, some five years later, that Stuckey wrote with his usual sympathy and breadth of view on the question of celibacy:

My dear D.,—I think, if one is a member of the Society of the Resurrection, one must be able to say, 'I am hoping (almost I am praying) to remain single.' One need not say that one's hope or prayer will be granted. I do not think one can say more than this. As to your own life's work, I have a firm conviction that there is a great work to be done in London by unmarried priests.

Stuckey always showed great sympathy and patience to those who experienced difficulties in believing. To a young man, who had spent some time at Pusey House in preparation for ordination and had left on account of doubts as to his vocation, he writes without a trace of rebuke or annoyance:

SEATON.

April 21, 1903.

MY DEAR B.,

Every year brings fresh evidence that many of those who are most fit for the priesthood find the greatest difficulties in their way. The white robes on earth as well as in heaven belong to those who have come out of great tribulation.

Of course we shall miss you, and of course we shall pray that you may yet be a true servant of the servants of our Lord, but I can quite understand that the decision you have made may be the only possible decision at this moment. Certainly we will keep your things as a pledge that you will come as soon as you can to claim them. When you are no longer swathed in flannel, and this bitter wind has ceased to blow, you ought to get to the seaside. This odd little place where my sister and I now are—if you could put up with its shabbiness—would be quite at your service, and there is plenty of room to bring a companion or two, and a charwoman who does for us, would come in. The air and country are perfect. Then you might look at Oxford one way or the other.

It is astonishing to find the effect influenza has on the nerves and spirits. You must not judge yourself by what you feel just now. Only be sure that patience, and any approach to patience, is the condition of great blessing.

God bless and guide you.

Yours in Him,

V. S. S. C.

With regard to the question of clerical celibacy, Stuckey always taught that it was a matter of vocation, and that some were as truly called to the married state as others to the single, though he would say that the latter was the normal for a priest. I remember him saying that as a layman ought to have some special reason for not marrying, so a priest ought to have a special one for marrying. As regards

himself, he came to feel that he was called to celibacy.

A mother sends a letter written on this subject by Stuckey to a gifted young priest on whose life, she states, he had a great influence :

> I wonder whether you are to be perfected in the married or unmarried life. You will, I trust, pray for the divine guidance in this. I can imagine a very happy and blessed marriage for you, but I do not want you to be at the mercy of a chance meeting. I mean I should like to think that two years hence you will be praying either that you may have the gift of sacrifice in celibacy, or be directed to the right partner of your life, and that meanwhile you will be praying to be so guided that later you may know which gift to ask for.

Of course Stuckey had other activities in addition to his individual work among undergraduates. He preached constantly in Oxford, particularly at S. Barnabas' where his friend, Father Noel, was vicar. He was always interesting and, at his best, an eloquent and moving preacher. His addresses in the chapel at Pusey House became quite an institution and were largely attended by undergraduates, and he also frequently spoke at various Church societies. Another activity of those days was his work among the deaf and dumb, for whom he used to hold a service in a classroom by means of a blackboard. I think, however, that what most impressed us in those days was his great reverence. The suggestion of awe and consciousness of the Divine Presence, when he

celebrated the Holy Communion, was such as I have never felt with any one else in quite the same degree.

Oxford only held him for twenty-four weeks in the year, though the correspondence that grew out of his numerous personal relationships soon became vast and continuous. The remaining half of the year was filled by various activities such as missions, sermons, and retreats, for all of which he was constantly in demand. Perhaps it was as a conductor of retreats that he became best known in later years, for he must have taken a great many, and men and women were always anxious to attend them, and that for the sake of his personal guidance in confessions and interviews as much as for his teaching in the addresses.

Partly contemporary with the years at Pusey House was his work in connection with the Society of the Resurrection, a body of celibate priests living by rule in the world. For many years he was elected Superior and was the valued friend and counsellor of the members.

His connection with Scotland also dates from about this time, and grew almost wholly out of his friendship with George Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrews, and subsequently Primus. After the death of Mr. Carter of Clewer, Wilkinson constituted Stuckey his confessor and spiritual adviser, and it was at his suggestion in 1904 that I was appointed resident chaplain to the Bishop, a fact which brought me into

very close relationship with Stuckey. Wilkinson had many devoted friends who helped him in various ways, but there was no one on whom he relied as he did upon Stuckey, who, he used to say, was without equal as a spiritual guide. Stuckey never spared himself where his friends were concerned. Once he travelled by a night train from London to Perth to have a talk with the Bishop who was ill and troubled, and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to take a night's rest before returning. Wilkinson relied much on the help and sympathy of those about him, and Stuckey revealed his sympathy and wisdom when in reference to him he said to me soon after my appointment : ' Those people who are able to help others most are often those who most need help themselves.'

When Wilkinson had to undergo a very serious operation at seventy-two years of age, Coles wrote : ' I suppose very few people have had to do special work for our Lord under such repeated strokes of hindrance (which is after all hardly hindrance) as you have. But it is always happy when there is no question about what has to be done, and if the doctor says an operation must come it cannot be refused.'

Though Stuckey's work in Scotland grew largely out of this friendship, he made many friends among both clergy and laity, and was in fact proposed as Bishop of St. Andrews after Wilkinson's death.

During the twenty-five years that he was at

Pusey House, only once did he undertake work which involved his absence from Oxford during term time, and that was when he went to Africa in connection with the Mission of Help to the Church of that country. At the end of the South African war the Bishops of the Province formally requested Bishop Wilkinson to organize what came to be known as the Mission of Help to South Africa. In February, 1902, Bishop Hornby and two priests—now the Bishops of St. Albans and Kensington respectively—were sent out as pioneers, and to confer with the archbishop, bishops, clergy, and laity in South Africa as to the kind of help which was specially needed. Next year Bishop Wilkinson sent Stuckey Coles and Archie Campbell—afterwards Bishop of Glasgow—to complete the survey. These two travelled immense distances through South Africa, preaching missions, holding conferences with clergy and laity, and generally striving to quicken spiritual life in the districts visited. Coles bore the rough life and travelling better than many a younger and more athletic man would have done. On more than one occasion he had to undertake long journeys in a bullock wagon over the roughest of tracks. The South Africans, with their lack of conventionality, appealed to him immensely. On one occasion, he told us, he had to hear a lady's confession and give absolution sitting in a waiting-room at a wayside station. They returned to England in October and made their report, on

The Mother of V. S. S. Coles.

V. S. S. Coles at the age of 12.

which were based all the arrangements for the great mission of 1904.

In 1909 Coles resigned his post of Librarian at Pusey House after having held it for twenty-five years. His health had not been good for some time, and he quite cheerfully laid down the work which he had done so supremely well. When people asked him whether he did not feel leaving Oxford after so many years, he characteristically replied that he loved the people not the place, and people were always moving from Oxford.

For a short time Stuckey made his headquarters at Seaton, where for some years he had rented a queer old house over a grocer's shop in the main street, a position which he liked because it enabled him to watch the children playing in the road. As a matter of fact he had previously been there very little, and kept it chiefly for friends who needed a change and could not afford it otherwise. When he settled in, after resigning the librarianship of the Pusey House, he told me that a lady of the neighbourhood offered to ask some of the county people to call, but that he discouraged her, adding : ' You see I don't like the upper classes.' What he really meant was that he didn't like the upper classes as such. He loved every one as a human being and did not care in the least to what class he or she belonged. One of the secrets of his influence lay in the fact that he treated every man as a brother,

almost without the consciousness of any difference of social position.

He held strong views about class privilege and was always wholly on the side of anything which he felt made for the betterment of the poorer classes ; for example, he particularly desired equality of educational opportunity for all, and nothing irritated him more than ostentatious display of wealth. I remember his saying that the worst of staying with people in the country was that they would take you to see the houses of the great and to desecrated monasteries, and that he hated both. His own manner of living was of the simplest, and he had the oddest idea of comfort. I remember him amusing my mother by asking if he could have an oil stove in his bedroom instead of a fire. He regarded his considerable income simply as a means of helping the friends and causes he loved. If there was anything over for himself all well and good, otherwise he was quite prepared to do without.

Before long his old friend Dr. Gore, Bishop of Oxford, asked him to help in the diocese by holding short missions in country parishes. His love and understanding of country folk enabled him to do very valuable work in this way. In 1912 he was made Diocesan Chaplain and Hon. Canon of Christ Church. When Bishop Gore resigned the see, Stuckey retired to the west. Towards the end of the War he found that his income was not sufficient to meet his boundless

generosity and small personal expenditure, so he was faced with having to curtail his giving or to give up the house at Seaton. He chose the latter, and for the rest of his life made his head-quarters at his sister's house at Shepton Beauchamp. About this time he wrote me the following letter :

S. Thomas's Convent,
Oxford.

July 19, 1918.

My dear Friend,

I felt that I had rather neglected you but am delighted to hear that you are settled in your new home and that you are taking retreats. I forget when I last wrote to you. The war has so diminished my income that I have had to give up Seaton and am making my home with my sister at Shepton. People do not seem to want me much in this diocese. . . . I wonder whether you expect great social and national changes after the war. At times it seems certain to me that a better kind of Bolshevism must come. I think it will be better because there has been real liberty here before, but I think all illogical and untenable privileges will go, and what is true in Socialism will triumph. Surely the endowment of a minority will not go on. Either there will be disendowment or a great change in the establishment, probably making it what we cannot accept. I find myself saying there seems no public man that one can rely on. No one that has the force to carry out plans in spite of red tape and individual selfishness and weakness. Yet I am not in low spirits. Surely many people are getting to be better for the war. Perhaps the thought that comes first with me is that the duty of carrying on the Catholic Revival

does not exempt us from the duty of doing our best for the people who are not drawn into it, so that we may have two spheres of action very separate.

I do thank you for your unfailing friendship. As I write I wish more and more to see you.

With love and hope,

Yours,

V. S. S. C.

Soon after this he began to suffer from a kind of rheumatism and loss of power in his hands and legs. Writing and walking became gradually more difficult to him, and he did little work outside the county. However, up to the last year or two he was always ready to help the neighbouring clergy in cases of illness, or to enable them to get a holiday. He rarely failed to preach twice a Sunday, and was generally present at the daily Eucharist at Shepton, and continued to visit King's College, Taunton, and to preach to the boys up to the last year of his life.

During the last two years his memory began to fail and he would constantly drop off to sleep in the midst of a conversation, though on most days he was carried into church and managed to say the daily offices. At this time, in addition to the loving care of Miss Coles, he owed much to Alan Antrobus-Weston, who, acting as his secretary, took charge of his correspondence, and latterly said the offices with him.

Stuckey passed peacefully away on June 9,

1929, at the age of eighty-four, and in accordance with his wishes was robed in eucharistic vestments, including a stole which had belonged to Bishop Wilkinson. His body was committed to the earth three days later in the churchyard at Shepton by his almost lifelong friend, Preb. Lethbridge, rector of the parish. Clergy and friends came from all parts of England, and many felt that they had lost a friend to whom they owed much that was best in them, as they gazed on the simple inscription :

STUCKEY COLES
Priest
Died June 9th, 1929
Aged 84 years
R.I.P.

SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP

By J. F. Briscoe, M.A.
Rector of Bagborough

SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP

SOMERSET has many lovely villages set in rich, undulating country, the little nestling cottages, with their thatched roofs, grouped about a magnificent church.

Shepton lies low, and at first sight the visitor may perhaps be disappointed. But the village is not without a quiet charm. The main street is dominated by the great tower of S. Michael's Church, of Ham Hill stone, beautifully coloured by age and weather. Over the west window is an ancient statue of a mitred bishop, identified by old local tradition with S. Patrick, who is said to have ended his days at Glastonbury, a few miles away.

As you enter the church to-day, your first impression is regret that its restoration was not done when the characteristic excellences of mediaeval churches were more perfectly understood. The rough stonework of the walls is visible, and the ancient levels have been altered.

But as you stand in the church, you are conscious that you are in a real house of prayer. You are in a holy home. Everything looks used. The seats and the pavements are worn away because they have served for multitudes of worshippers. The red lamps twinkling in

the distance, the few pictures, the rare bits of colour, help to produce an atmosphere of familiar and intimate repose.

Separated from the church by a sloping garden is the rectory, built by Stuckey Coles in 1874 to accommodate, besides the Rector, the Vicar of the adjoining parish of Barrington and visiting priests and students. It is a large house, rather plain and gaunt, with a central hall for meals, and an oratory, without an altar but with a great crucifix and sacred pictures, where the 'lesser hours' are said, and confessions are sometimes heard. Behind the rectory is a tennis court and a sports field for the village athletes, and at the side a plot of ground where the children of the school have their gardens.

Nearby is a small cottage, always with bright flowers either in the open air or in the conservatory ; here for many years has lived Coles's sister, Julia, here he came for rest and care in his later years, and here he died.

After the church, the most conspicuous building in the village is 'The House,' of dignified and comfortable appearance, set in park-like fields. It is the typical dwelling of a Victorian country squire. It was built as a wedding present from her father to Coles's mother, and was his home until her death in 1897.

Mrs. Coles was a very well-known character in Somerset. She was born at Langport, eight miles from Shepton, a quaint little town built

on rising ground above wide-spreading moors. Mrs. Coles was the daughter of Mr. Vincent Stuckey, the founder of the bank. The Stuckeys had long lived at Langport—

In 1699 Mr. George Stuckey had a lease of a house in Up Street. In 1747 Mr. T. Bagehot took a lease of certain premises, also in Up Street, including part of the present Hill House with a brewery and malt house, and joined G. Stuckey as a partner. These two families dominated Langport for one hundred and fifty years from the middle of the eighteenth century, first through their river and sea trade, and then through the bank which the Stuckeys founded. In 1742 the population of England was only six millions, and the commercial superiority of the southern counties was passing to the northern through the rise of manufactures in the north. But the Stuckeys and Bagehots kept prosperity in Langport, and caused a large increase of the population through their carrying trade.

The *British Directory* for 1780 remarks that Messrs. Stuckey and Bagehot have a dwelling house, wharfs, and warehouses, with vessels that go to and from all coasting ports, and that the Taunton wagon here drops goods from London to be carried further by water. . . . By the ability of the Stuckey-Bagehot firm, Langport was made the centre of the carrying trade for the whole district, raising the town to the highest grade of prosperity that it has probably ever known. . . . The general freight trade of Messrs. Stuckey and Bagehot was not limited to the river. As late as 1866 the firm had one hundred thousand pounds in shipping, and owned twenty-four East Indiamen, and nineteen barges on the river. . . . People still living in Langport can remember the time before the railway, when twenty

captains lived in Langport, and lads used to apply at the Taunton office to be taken as apprentices for the Stuckey-Bagehot shipping. . . . The banking business grew inevitably out of the freight trade. The many customers of the firm did not want to be burdened with the charge of gold and silver, and would lay it up with the firm. In return, notes of hand written on vellum were given to them, which they could easily carry and pass on. Thus Samuel Stuckey, who died in 1812, had long done much banking business privately. . . . Samuel's nephew, Vincent, showed a special genius for banking. As a lad, he presented himself at Burton Pynsent before Lady Chatham, and asked her if she would give him an introduction to the Prime Minister (her son), and she replied, 'Well, I do not see why I should not.' He took her letter to London and obtained a clerkship in the Treasury, and was for a time private secretary to Pitt and also to Huskisson.[1]

In his old age Vincent Stuckey would tell how in his Treasury days he had shot snipe in the muddy fields between S. James's Park and Sloane Street, where was his London house.

The Bagehots and Stuckeys appear to have lived in turn at either end of the town on opposite hills, the Stuckeys eventually settling at Hill House, and the Bagehots at Herd's Hill. Nearby, at Huish Episcopi, famous for its church tower, lived the Mitchells, the squires of Huish parish, related through several marriages to the Bagehots and Stuckeys.

Mrs. Russell Barrington, in her life of Walter

[1] D. M. Ross, *Langport and its Church*, pp. 351–4.

Bagehot, has analysed very acutely the qualities of the two families :

> The Stuckey nature was shrewd, wilful, sociable, and very hospitable. The remarkable amount of mental and animal vitality which it possessed showed itself more in active life than in intellectual pursuits. They were conscientious and masterful in carrying through all they undertook to do, and dominated those connected with them in business, not only through shrewd intelligence and forethought, but because they exercised their strong will invariably on the side of straight dealing. They inspired the confidence necessary to dominate the unreasoning but not unshrewd West Country mind.
>
> As a family, the Bagehots were more intellectual than the Stuckeys. They were less robust, more retiring and dignified, perhaps more highly cultured. Their ancestors can be traced back to the fifteenth century, when one Richard Bagehot possessed the family property at Prestbury, Gloucestershire.[1]

Walter Bagehot, the distinguished writer of *Lombard Street* and *The English Constitution*, was born at the bank premises at Langport in 1826, and was a cousin of Coles.

Eliza Coles, Stuckey's mother, had inherited many of the remarkable qualities of the families to which she belonged. Shrewd and capable, vigorous in mind and body, I remember her as a very clever and gracious old lady dispensing constant and bountiful hospitality at Shepton. As a small boy, I was brought to her Christmas parties from the neighbouring vicarage of

[1] *Life of Walter Bagehot*, p. 60.

Ilminster. A considerable fortune came to her from the founder of the bank, and she spent a large part of it in making very generous offerings for the purposes of religion.

James Coles, Stuckey's father, became Rector of Shepton in 1836, and in 1926, in a lecture given to the parishioners, Stuckey thus described his work :

1. He began at once more frequent celebration of the Holy Communion, and he invited young people to it as soon as they were confirmed. He often told me that people said he ought to have his gown pulled over his head for giving Holy Communion to the young.

2. He improved the altar place and the chancel and put in the old painted window before I can remember.

3. He began to say Matins every day at ten, and from the time he came, by the advice of the Bishop, he preached on Wednesdays evenings.

4. He taught the blessing of Holy Communion to the sick and dying, so that very few grown-up people died without it.

5. He introduced hymns, first from the *Salisbury Hymn Book*, and later from our present hymn book (*Ancient and Modern*).

6. He began to celebrate the Holy Communion early as well as late.

7. He left off the use of the black gown for sermons, which was looked upon as a Protestant custom. A priest in Exeter died from the persecution he suffered for what was thought the Popish custom of preaching in a surplice. He was willing to die for it, because it stood for the Catholic view of our holy religion just as the midday Mass does now.

When we first had a Harvest Thanksgiving, we began to sing a hymn through the church in procession ; this hymn was printed on a paper, and I remember when, as a boy, I collected the papers after the service, I found on one of them words such as these, ' I am of opinion that things are being brought into our Harvest Festival which are only acceptable to those who hold High Church views.' This was written by John Phelps,[1] one of the best men I have known. For a long time he disliked parts of the Revival, but before he died he had found his spiritual home in Furnham Church, where the principles of the Revival have been taught from the time it was built. All this came before the restoration of the church in 1863 to 1864.

Before the restoration there had been Celebrations on every Sunday and Saint's Day, and on the day of reopening there was a Choral Celebration. The restored church had many marks of the Revival. The altar had its proper frontals for feasts and fasts as well as common days, and it was honoured by the standard lights, and by a new chalice instead of the old cup which the Reformers had brought in. The linen for the altar was greatly improved in view of its sacred use. The chancel was railed off, and the choir had their surplices. The great acts of our divine Lord and some memorials of His saints were in the windows, and we began to trim the church, not only with greens at Christmas, but also with flowers on all the greatest days. For the first time there was a cross over the altar.

My dear father ended his thirty-six years' ministry with a greatly changed view of it from that which he had when he came here, and I should not have been carrying on his work if I had stopped the Revival at the point it had reached, when, as it seemed, I was

[1] A farmer of the parish.

called to succeed him at almost the same age as that at which he had himself been made rector.

All that has come since, gradual increase of Celebrations, until, as now, they are daily ; the chanting of the psalms every Sunday (this was considered quite Popish when it began) ; the use of the ancient vestments for the priest as well as for the altar ; lights in honour of our Lord in His sacramental presence ; fixed times for confessions in church ; missions and retreats from time to time ; the anointing of the sick when desired—all these have followed one another as part of a great Revival. Little remains to be desired in outward things, except incense, and the reservation of the Holy Sacrament for sick communicants, which gives a marvellous sense of holiness and blessing to the churches in which it is kept.

I think any one who thinks about what I have set down will agree that the Revival has been consistent ; that it has not been fast but very slow ; that it has not been without great blessings ; that such lives as those of John Phelps and Joseph Matthews [1] have responded to these blessings ; that the Rector could not resist the call to do all which seems to him most likely to promote the honour of our divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

One thing I feel quite sure of. No arrangement has so little to be said for it as that of having Choral Matins and Choral Eucharist at eleven on alternate Sundays. The psalms and lessons have been from the first days of the Church preparations for the Holy Sacrifice. Experience has not shown that when we had this plan any large number of people came only on the Matins Sunday.

In the early days of the Catholic revival the

[1] Schoolmaster at Shepton, 1899–1919.

emphasis in teaching was on Baptism and Communion rather than on Mass and Confession ; in this respect what was done at Shepton followed the usual rule.

On his arrival at Shepton, Mr. James Coles found only five communicants in the parish. Confirmation was administered in the neighbourhood only once in seven years. It was not expected even by the clergy that the children should become communicants afterwards. The congregation at a Confirmation service would comment aloud on the presence and appearance of the candidates. 'There be our maidens,' the friends would cry, 'we do see 'um.' When Miss Coles's girls were observed to be wearing caps on their heads instead of the usual folded handkerchiefs, they were saluted by derisive critics from another village with the remark : 'There be the Shepton maids in their grandmothers' caps.'

On one such occasion the talking was so loud and free in South Petherton Church that Archdeacon Denison is remembered to have shouted to the congregation : 'This is no fit place for the bishop to enter.'

As rural dean Mr. James Coles did much to promote the introduction of services on Ascension Day ; and he was ready with the right answer when he was asked for advice by the Rector of Whitestaunton, who was in much perplexity owing to the request of one of his numerous family to have 'an administration of the

Lord's Supper' on Christmas Day.[1] His admirable parochial work was eagerly supported and helped forward by his son and daughters.

At Eton Stuckey found his place in a coterie of Catholic lads, among whom were Frederick Wood,[2] younger brother of the present Lord Halifax ; Robert Bridges ; Digby Mackworth Dolben ; Wentworth Beaumont Hankey, and Robert Bickersteth. A notebook survives inscribed 'V. S. S. Coles : Rev. Edward Hale's, Eton College, July 1859,' wherein are recorded original verses for the Eve of Ascension and on the Burial of King Charles the First. Stuckey was then fourteen. He was certainly happy and proud to be a son of Eton ; but life in an ancient Public School in his day was sometimes tumultuous and rough ; and once all the boys of Mr. Hale's House were docked of a holiday for sousing with water Stuckey and all his belongings.

In 1864 Stuckey went up to Oxford as an Exhibitioner of Balliol, and soon afterwards, having waited for three years for his father's permission to do so, he made his first confession. Dr. Liddon was now in residence as a Student of

[1] One of Stuckey's early recollections was of a visit to Shepton of Mr. Carter to consult his father as to whether it would be prudent to begin daily service at Clewer : and he would describe the pleasure with which Mrs. Carter had listened to the Sisters at their Office singing about the homely duty of dusting the windows. She had imperfectly heard their Antiphon from Isaiah lx. 8.

[2] In 1905 Mr. Wood took the name of Meynell.

Christ Church, and was beginning to be known as the most eloquent of English preachers. His Bampton Lectures of 1866 in defence of the divinity of our Lord were the great event of Stuckey's undergraduate career, and Dr. Liddon became, and remained until he died in 1890, Stuckey's dearest and most intimate friend.

In 1864 Dr. Liddon organized an Essay Club among the abler undergraduates.[1] It was called the Hexameron Essay Society. Stuckey was elected a member in 1866, and became secretary in 1867.

In 1868, as was noted in the previous chapter, Coles took his degree in the school of *Literae Humaniores* ; he went on to Cuddesdon where Edward King was Principal, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in the cathedral church of Winchester at the Advent ordination, 1869. The magnificent chapters of Isaiah, read as the lessons in the divine office on the days round his ordination, made a very great impression on his mind, and all through his long ministry there was no part of the Bible to which he turned more often, and which he used with greater power.

Meanwhile the varying influences of Oxford and Cuddesdon were being translated into practice at Shepton. Coles writes on the Feast of the Circumcision, 1869 : ' First Evensong at

[1] Johnston, *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*, p. 90.

eight. None of the choirmen there : most of them at a party at Shear's. Psalms went pretty well. Matins and Celebration at ten : very few communicants, none of the upper people. Evensong very scanty.' On Sunday, January 3rd : 'Large communion at late Celebration. Good Evensong, but discontent at the *Magnificat* being changed at the last minute. Litany in the afternoon. Shear returned to choir.' On the Epiphany : 'First Evensong at seven. None of the choirmen there : the service went pretty well. Matins and Celebration at ten : none of the choirboys there.'

There are many such notes. The impression they give is of a multitude of services arranged with the greatest care for the small population of six hundred ; the standard of attendance expected of the people was very high, and we feel no surprise that not rarely there was but a scanty congregation for the long services of the Prayer Book. Most of the communions were made at midday ; on an ordinary Sunday there might well be sixty or more.

At the neighbouring parish of Buckland S. Mary, with a population at that time of seven hundred, the church was full twice every Sunday, and there were from seventy to eighty communicants at the monthly midday Celebration. There were no early Celebrations until 1885. During the incumbency of Dean Church at Whatley, early Celebrations were unknown. At Bagborough, previous to 1856, the Holy

Communion was administered about eight times in the year, with an average number of forty-two communicants.

On the Eve of S. Thomas, 1869, Stuckey, newly ordained deacon, sang the first Evensong, and assisted his father at the Holy Communion next morning at ten. On Easter Day there was a choral Celebration at eight with seventy communicants, and at eleven a second Celebration with fifty-five communicants.

The following record was made by Coles himself for the year 1872 :

> On Wednesday, January 3rd, after Evensong at church, which he had taken himself (I having preached on the Return of the Seventy), our dear Father was suddenly called to his rest in the thirty-seventh year of his priesthood. He fell down in the Great Lane while returning from church. His body was laid out in his cassock, surplice, and stole, and a cross and lights were placed near it until the day of burial. Many of his parishioners came to see his face once more, and offices were said from time to time in the chamber of death. For the church a small banner with the text, 'I will give thee a crown of life,' was hung above the Rector's stall. ✠ *Requiem eternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei.* ✠

On the following Wednesday there was a Celebration at eight with more than one hundred communicants, for whom repeated consecrations were made, and the funeral took place later on the same day. On the following Sunday the morning sermon was preached by Mr.

Newbolt, Vicar of Dymock, afterwards Canon and Chancellor of S. Paul's.

On Ash Wednesday violet hangings were put up in the church for the first time, and on the second Sunday after Easter Stuckey celebrated the Holy Communion and read the Thirty-nine Articles as Rector of the parish. The Rev. Arthur Lethbridge (now the Rector, and Prebendary of Wells) came as assistant curate, and sermons on the following Sunday were preached by Father Hall, S.S.J.E., the late Bishop of Vermont.

Miss Coles once said to me that the twelve years' term of her brother's rectorship of Shepton was like a continuous mission. I expect that that description could not be improved. Every soul in the parish was the object of affectionate and persevering care. The other day an old Shepton woman turning out her box came on the following letter which the Rector wrote to her from America in 1876 when she was a little girl of ten :

My dear Child,

I write one line to you which is to travel three thousand miles across the sea and land, to tell you how earnestly I hope that you do not forget what I said to you that day you came up with me to the Rectory, and that you have been true to our Lord. Ask Mr. Lethbridge to help you if you want it, and to give you his blessing.

Your faithful friend,

V. S. S. COLES.

There was a constant call to repentance, and in the case of any great sin, the sinner generally came to confession. The services in the church were very frequent, and very exactly and reverently done. Linen vestments were introduced for the Holy Eucharist. There were frequent classes for communicants, so that all in the parish who were trying to serve God were taught how to gain the best blessing from the solemn commemorations of the year. The Rector spared no pains to make his preaching as effective as possible. Long courses were given after very careful preparation : a famous course which is remembered still, was on the Book of Job. The people were instructed in the whole Catholic Faith, not without some insistence on certain points where it was held that the Church of England differed from the Church of Rome, as about devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the rule of confession.

Public events were commented on and explained. In 1880 the Rector told the Shepton people that two priests were in prison for not obeying the decision of judges appointed by the Queen and Parliament about the right way of conducting Divine Service. 'I have celebrated in Mr. Enraght's church with all the rites for which he is at this moment imprisoned. I am answerable, therefore, to God and my people for an explanation of our conduct.'

It was excellent that the inhabitants of a remote village should be kept in touch with the

wider life of the Church beyond : and there were many ways by which this was done. Shepton girls were sent for training to the great convents. I heard from an old lay-sister of one of ' Mr. Stuckey's girls ' arriving at the House of Retreat, Lloyd Square, without ever before having seen a gas-jet : she blew out the gas as one would extinguish a candle.

There was a constant succession of guests and students at the rectory. An interesting account of life there is to be found in a book called *Salve Mater*, published in 1919 by Frederick Joseph Kinsman, who became Bishop of Delaware in the United States in 1908, and in 1919 became a Roman Catholic. He writes of the year 1891, but the description fits very well the years before.

> The household at Shepton Rectory often consisted of four or five clergy and four or five younger men, living in an atmosphere of regular devotion, systematic hard work, and, at times of recreation, what is perhaps best described as intense cheerfulness. Life was *ordered* with a view to providing in the most thorough way for the pastoral care of the people of the village and for the prosecution of every one's special work with energy and good spirits.
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> When I went to England in 1891 I had letters to Mr. Stuckey Coles, then Chaplain of Pusey House, of which he was subsequently Principal, and to his successor at Shepton, the Rev. Arthur Lethbridge, from Mr. Parker,[1] himself an ' Old Sheptonian.' I first saw the place on Michaelmas, the patronal festival, when

[1] Afterwards Bishop-Coadjutor of New Hampshire.

THE RECTORY, SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP.
(Photograph by Mr. Francis Jones.)

after a beautiful Choral Eucharist in the gaily trimmed old church, the whole village repaired to the fields about 'the House' for games, dinner served in a great tent, and dances on the green lasting until late in the evening. As long as I live, Michaelmas will always bring memories of Shepton. During four years I went to Shepton several times each year, twice spending the 'Long Vac' there, and must have lived there in all eighteen or twenty months.

There I learned what clerical life and parochial work should be. I have never lived up to the Shepton ideal, but have never lost it. After seeing the ordered life of the clergy-house, the careful provision for services, instructions, pastoral calls, rescue work, and healthful amusements of the small community, all arranged with such consecrated common sense, it was impossible ever to be satisfied with the average clergyman's life of intense domesticity interrupted by Sunday services and many social calls. The standard was emphatically that of *priests*, representing the influence of Cuddesdon, Wantage, and the Society of the Resurrection, given a unique flavour by the Rector, and the Vicar of Barrington, to say nothing of the frequent visits of Mr. Coles.

There were four or five Eucharists a week; daily Matins and Evensong in church; Terce, Sext, and Compline in the oratory; all services simple and devotional, with hearty congregational singing of a sort I have never heard elsewhere except in the parish church at Hawarden and in S. Martin's, New Bedford; and all the work and recreation of the village made to centre about these, so that the church was made the actual centre of village life. Here I had my first experiences as server and as assistant in various matters about the church; occasionally I went for similar purposes to Barrington; and for two summers I helped

a neighbouring vicar by reading Lessons and Litany for him in his churches at Lopen and Kingstone. The familiarity with details which I learned in the church at Shepton and elsewhere in England was of great use to me after I was ordained.[1]

While Coles was Rector of Shepton, he was very often away from the parish to preach sermons, missions, and retreats. In 1874 he took part in the second London mission ; in 1876 he visited Boston and other American cities ; Dr. Liddon often invited him to preach in S. Paul's, and there was no famous church of the Revival in England where his voice was not heard. He was very well known in Somerset ; he was as welcome in the pulpits of the towns such as Taunton, Ilminster, and Chard as in those of the small villages round Shepton. All the time, however, his magnetic personality and ardent devotion dominated Shepton, while the routine work of the parish was carried on mainly by the present Rector.

The Rev. H. G. Daniell-Bainbridge[2] describes as follows the relationship of Canon Coles to those who worked under him at Shepton as assistant curates :

Guide and adviser as he was to hundreds of clergy in their parochial work when they attended his retreats, he was none the less so to those under him as Rector. As his work began to widen considerably beyond the limits of his parish, he found it necessary to have an

[1] *Salve Mater*, pp. 43–5.

[2] Assistant Curate of Shepton Beauchamp, 1880–1883.

assistant deacon or priest. It has sometimes been thought that a young man beginning his ministry in a country parish would scarcely find sufficient scope for his energies. In reply to this it has been rightly remarked that the place does not so much matter as the man under whom he has to work.

In the case of Shepton this indeed proved true. To work under the supervision and training of Canon Coles was a good discipline, a privilege, and a wonderful inspiration. It was impossible to be dull or to get dull at Shepton. There was the rectory with the Rector himself so buoyant in spirits, in touch with so much life outside, bringing many visitors from time to time so that there was always a freshness and the spirit of happiness within its walls.

Then the parish was full of activity, religious and social. The Harvest Homes and the Dedication Festivals at Michaelmas are things to be remembered. The spiritual depth and reality in all that was done could only serve to prove the truth that 'it is the country work that allows the ideal of the Christian pastorate.'[1]

To cultivate this ideal was his great aim. None could have exercised a more careful and candid watch over a young assistant priest to help him to realize it. He dealt very faithfully in the development of every part of priestly life. There was not only careful supervision of parochial visiting, in which the number of visits daily were recorded, but also inquiry was made as to the needs of those visited and their difficulties; guidance was given as well as to how they could best be dealt with. Sermons were very frankly criticized but always with encouragement. Private reading was supervised, theological accuracy demanded, and in preaching and in teaching he would always warn that the principle to be guided

[1] V. S. S. Coles, *Pastoral Work in Country Districts*, p. 67.

by was, not 'What will take?' but 'What is truth?' It was, I think, his absolute sincerity in his relation to his parishioners at the time (1880) that made him seem to some slow in making much ritual development in the church services.

Although away from time to time on mission or retreat work, the parish was never neglected by him. On his return his visiting was at once resumed, and many were his refusals to invitations outside in order that he should not be away too much from the parish.

One great help was gained from his conversations during walks through the lanes as well as in the study. Then problems would be offered and questions asked: 'How would you deal with a case like this? What would you reply to this or that statement or objection?' Full of knowledge and experience himself, there was much to dig at and much to be dug out, and he was always patient with one's slowness, yet keen for one's advance.

Much more might be said. Three years under such training did much to prepare for larger and heavier work elsewhere. Under such a personality and with so much to gain from such a rector, it was impossible not to catch something of his spirit in ministering and in teaching, and to recognize that it was the *soul* he sought to reach, to stir, and to save. Indeed, he would go after one soul untiringly, and seek diligently till he found it.

Here is a description by Father Cyril Bickersteth, of the Community of the Resurrection, of a mission preached at Shepton:

I first got to know dear Stuckey Coles well when, at his suggestion, Lethbridge asked me to take a mission at Shepton in November, 1889.

He was then at Pusey House, but came down for

one night towards the close of the mission to speak to the people, over whom he had a very remarkable influence. We came reaping the fruits of his faithful ministry, and it was a great joy to him to see the people flocking to confession, for in those days Somerset folk were less ready for that kind of thing than they are to-day. Certainly then, as I hope it is still, the church was really the home of the people, and I well remember telling Stuckey after my first visit to Oberammergau, that Shepton was the only parish in England which I could venture to compare with the Bavarian village which has been rendered famous by its special devotion to our Lord.

With the help of Mr. Dudley Clark, now Vicar of S. Alban's, Birmingham, I preached a mission at Shepton in 1912 ; what was particularly plain was the simplicity and devotion of the people, and the magnificent fervour with which they sang the mission hymns. I do not know any parish in England where the Tuesday night services of Lent are such a feature of the life of the village, where you may be always sure of a crowded congregation, and such singing from the ranks of men as threatens the security of the roof.

How does the religious life of Shepton to-day respond to the magnificent work which has been done there for so many years ?

Plainly the Church is dominant in the village. After fifty-seven years' service there, the present Rector is beloved and respected by all ; there is no one whose word carries nearly so much weight as his. There is not, and there never

has been, any alienation of the parishioners because of the vestments or the lights on the altar or the daily Mass. The work of the revival has been carried through, not only with enthusiasm and devotion, but as well with respectfulness for old traditions and consideration for old ways. The services in the church have always been completely intelligible, and in almost meticulous conformity with the rules of the Prayer Book. Perhaps Coles was a little too ready to welcome—if that is not too strong a word—objections, and to see difficulties where they did not really exist. I think he postulated in the Shepton people an interest in the Act of Uniformity and the Ornaments Rubric and in details of doctrine and ceremony, which was in fact quite impossible for their mentality. I think he might quite well have lighted the candles on the altar and inaugurated a sung Mass on Sundays long ago, if he had cheerfully assumed for himself the same sort of authority for arranging the apparatus of religion in the parish as every farmer claims in the management of his farm.

In later days perhaps the young Sheptonians found him a little unbending and aloof, but there was never any doubt that always here in Shepton was his heart : every one, everything, here he loved with a passionate devotion to the very end: nothing that he found at Oxford or Mirfield or Truro or London interested him nearly as much as the spiritual welfare of its people.

A GREAT PRIEST

A GREAT PRIEST

I

THE Counter-Reformation owed its success in the main, not to the decrees of the Council of Trent or the administrative work of bishops, but to great priests like S. Philip Neri and S. Ignatius in Italy, and S. Vincent of Paul, Charles de Condren, and Jean Jacques Olier in France.

The Catholic Revival in England, the ideals and methods of which, as the Bishop of Durham has rightly said, were largely the same, was carried through in great measure, in spite of the opposition of the bishops, by such great priests as Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Dr. Neale, Father Mackonochie, Father Lowder, Dean Randall, and Father Stanton, who were themselves the heirs of a Catholic tradition which had never quite died away. In this succession of great priests Vincent Stuckey Coles has an honoured place.

In 1884 he left Shepton for Oxford, to become a librarian at Pusey House, the foundation of which he has himself described in a paper which follows (p. 197).

In 1885 Dr. King, who had been Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology since 1873,

became Bishop of Lincoln, and it was for Coles to carry on his work among the undergraduates of the University.

It was a very wonderful apostolate. He had a little room on the second floor of Pusey House, where a green curtain across a part of it inadequately hid a bed and washstand ; it was furnished very barely ; there was a gas stove ; some books ; the Arundel print of Van Eyck's 'Adoration of the Lamb.' Here came every sort of man. Mainly, of course, they were undergraduates looking forward to ordination, the sons of country parsonages, lads from the great Public Schools, whose fathers or friends had asked Coles to call upon them. Here came men with difficulties to be solved ; questions about the Faith, moral troubles, college scrapes, want of money. They were always sure of the warmest welcome ; they were never sent away without help. Coles utterly spent himself for his friends. There was no limit to his affection. He never forgot. There was no effort he would not make. There was no weariness or boredom he would not suffer. He would make pathetic efforts to smoke cigarettes, he would go for endless walks, he would write innumerable carefully-worded letters. Living himself in real poverty, he spent his large income in helping those in need. One of his secretaries tells me that a chief part of his business was the dispatch of cheques in answer to appeals.

When he became Principal in 1897, he began

to inhabit a more decent room, with more books, and a fine carved table from his home at Shepton : but I think he was never so happy as in his ' little old room ' as he used to call it, on the second floor.

He took special pains with the duller and less attractive men ; ' he always seemed to like best those whom others thought uninteresting. At Oxford,' writes Father Mackay, ' the Bullingdon tie and the Leander coat were hindrances to intimacy with him. He was always inclined to look askance at Isis idols, and to exalt the humble and the meek, yet no one bore the stamp of Eton and Balliol more plainly than he.'

It must not be supposed that his influence told only on second-rate men. Not a few of those who are eminent to-day in the service of the Church and the State and the University are very ready to say how much they owe to him. His influence spread as widely as the Church of England. I suppose there is scarcely a diocese in the Anglican Communion where there are not priests who reckoned him among their best friends.

Canon M. R. Newbolt sends me from Chester this story which is typical of many others :

In December, 1899, my friend X. and I went to Oxford from Ely Theological College to be examined for Deacon's Orders by the Bishop of Oxford, and were put up at the Pusey House. X., who became a most admirable priest, but died after a short ministry, was an only son, brought up in an old-fashioned, well-to-do

country rectory ; and was then a young man fond of garden parties, careful in his dress, and very full of polite conversation. While he was one of the most devout men in a college where the standard of devotion was not a low one, his rather elaborate manners and fluency of speech gave him an air of self-assurance which was a little artificial. We were sitting, I remember, in one of the very comfortless rooms at the Pusey House before a small gas stove, and X., who was an enthusiastic Cambridge man, was telling me how excited he felt at being in the heart of Oxford, and how greatly he looked forward to the opportunity of meeting Mr. Stuckey Coles, of whom he had heard so much. After a time a maid came with the message that the Principal would be glad to see Mr. X., and he departed with alacrity, straightening his tie.

In about half an hour he returned, an entirely changed man, no longer jaunty and nervous but decidedly thoughtful. ' What do you think,' he said, ' were the first words Mr. Coles said to me ? I do not think I had said more than I have said to you, about how interested I was to be in Oxford, and he remarked, " Mr. X., you strike me as a young man who would enter a drawing-room with considerable assurance." ' X. had also told Mr. Coles that he was very anxious as to whether he would pass the Bishop of Oxford's rather severe examination. In reply to this he had been warned that he must look upon the Bishop's examination as God's response to his offer of himself for His service ; not as a mere difficulty to be surmounted, but as a test and assurance of God's will for him. Success or failure was to be accepted as a divine response. I ventured to ask Stuckey later on why he had been so abrupt ; and he explained with some laughter, that seeing such hundreds of undergraduates

as he did, when he knew that his man was really committed in heart to serious affairs, he had no time to waste in beating about the bush, but that it was sometimes necessary to break through conventions and get to the real business in hand at once.

I do not believe that X. ever forgot that interview. He carried away with him from Oxford an impression far different from anything he had anticipated. He knew he had been in touch with a real spiritual force, a priest who would flash upon him in a short interview a stronger and more humbling conception of the priestly vocation than he had ever been able to reach before. For myself, I owe everything to Stuckey as a confessor and spiritual guide from my confirmation at school to well on in my priesthood.

If what he did for me were taken out of it, my whole life would have been a very different and a far poorer thing.

Coles had various happy devices for overcoming the nervousness of a new visitor. He would sometimes show a picture of the Colosseum in which was depicted a group of Christians being mauled by lions. He would then tell the story of the little girl who, while thoughtfully contemplating the picture, suddenly dissolved into tears. On being praised for so edifying a sympathy with the holy martyrs, the child replied through her sobs : ' I was crying because that poor lion hasn't got a Christian.'

II

In the garden of Pusey House was a chapel of corrugated iron, named in honour of the

Resurrection. It was perfectly plain, with an altar, a pulpit, and a sacristy, which was used as a confessional. Here every Saturday night in term Coles would conduct a short service of preparation for Communion. First was sung *Veni Creator*, then he said his own familiar acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, and then he gave an address, generally on one of the psalms. I think he was quite at his best on these occasions. He would take a psalm and use it as he had learnt from Dr. Neale. No matter how unpromising the words seemed at first sight, Coles never failed to draw from them deep and beautiful eucharistic meaning, and he sent us to our communion next day with hearts aglow to welcome our divine Lord.

On great days Coles would arrange a sung Mass in this garden chapel. On one occasion I was thurifer : after the consecration and communion there was a short time of silence : then Coles censed the Holy Sacrament : amid clouds of incense a Litany of Adoration was sung, and then the Prayer Book service was resumed.

A similar service was arranged for Corpus Christi in the following year with Bishop Hicks of Bloemfontein as officiant, but the Bishop said that though he would not interfere with such devotions, he would prefer not to conduct them himself.

During term Coles would often preach at the High Mass at S. Barnabas'. He had a fine

presence,[1] a beautiful voice, and a great gift of fluent and moving language. He was much more effective when he preached extempore than when he used papers. Excellent as his preaching was, he often said to me that he could seldom draw and hold a crowd, and that when he preached a course in Lent at a London church, he always preached to a steadily diminishing congregation. No doubt his special power was in dealing with individuals, or with small numbers in retreat.

Numerals had a whimsical fascination for Coles. He loved to discourse on the Seven Words of Mary or her Seven Silences ; the Seven Signs in S. John i–xx ; the Seven Allusions to the Holy Spirit in Isaiah xl–lxvi ; the Seven Beatitudes of the Apocalypse. He would explain how the order was inevitably what it was, the first three leading up to the fourth, and the last three following from it. He gave a beautiful retreat on the Six Titles of the author of Psalm cxix, and would often preach on the Five Emblems of the Holy Spirit, or the Seven Prayers of the *Veni Creator*. For the sisters at Truro he arranged the Book of Isaiah in Three Triads, of which the last was shown to be especially connected with the mystery of the Epiphany, from which their community took its name. He had wonderful and elaborate

[1] Miss Coles tells me that one of her brother's eyebrows became white at Dresden, after some hours of acute anxiety spent in searching for his sister Mary, who was lost.

arrangements of the Seven Words from the Cross, relating them now to the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, now to the Seven Words of Mary. He thought of his own life as divided into periods of thirteen years ; he was almost disappointed when he did not die at seventy-eight, and afterwards expected to live to be ninety-one.

Here is a note from Father Bickersteth :

In 1890 I had the privilege of helping V. S. S. C. in a mission at Aberdare where I learned much which I have tried to use ever since, especially the sequence of his sermons on our Lord's dealings with individual souls as they are recorded in the Gospel of S. John ; and an instruction on the six points of a rule of life.

I remember well how after a sermon to men in the parish church he induced two hundred of them to follow him through the streets singing the Litany, as an act of intercession and of witness. This made a deep impression and led to some remarkable conversions. I venture to think that as a missioner he sometimes failed, because he soon got up to spiritual heights, whither ordinary folks were unable to follow him, and he used to complain that his missions tended to become parochial retreats. In other words, they had more effect in deepening the spiritual life of the faithful than bringing outsiders to Christ. Certainly his best work was done in conducting retreats, especially for priests, and I suppose that for many years no one, with the possible exception of Bishop King of Lincoln, did more to form the ideals of the clergy, and commend catholic ways in entire loyalty to the Church of England.

I was in closest touch with him at the Pusey House from September, 1891, to July, 1892, when we were forming the rule of the Community of the Resurrection. For four or five years previously, he and a good many other priests were associated with Charles Gore in the original Society of the Resurrection out of which the Community sprang. At one time we thought he might have joined us. He was certainly in fullest sympathy with our ideals of priestly life and pastoral work. I think he hesitated to put his goods into the common purse, because he was spending his ample private means in helping others, especially candidates for Holy Orders, and this could not be reconciled with a vow of poverty, though he was always content with simple, frugal ways in his personal habits.

In those days it was very interesting to watch his efforts to harmonize the rather rigid Tractarian principles and old-fashioned ideas of Holy Scripture which he had learned from Liddon and Pusey, with the liberalism of *Lux Mundi*, but his wonderful gift of sympathy carried him through and made him an admirable mediator between the old and the new.

In connection with the Society of the Resurrection we had casuistry committees over which V. S. S. C. presided, and for several years cases were submitted to us for the brethren of S. R. and other priests. In those days there were few, if any, satisfactory Anglican text-books to which we could refer ; and, of course, we consulted the standard Roman authorities such as Lehmkuhl and Gaume, but we had to work out a method of our own, consistent with the greater liberty which the Church of England allows to her children. In this Stuckey's very wide experience and overflowing sympathy with the difficulties of all sorts and conditions of men, were of great value.

I have a very vivid recollection of an occasion when we were at Radley and he came to help in a Rogation-tide procession, which was new to the village. Stuckey's heart was warmed by the sight of the village folk who reminded him of Shepton, and he broke out into broad Somerset and made our acts of intercession for the growing crops seem very real to us all.

III

Coles was a most admirable confessor. There was about him an atmosphere of radiating holiness. He was always perfectly simple, perfectly sincere, perfectly direct ; he could penetrate with absolute sureness to the root of sin. He was always gentle and patient, but he was firm and clear in dealing with what was evil and wilful. He was not content that the Sacrament of Penance should be used simply as a machine for obtaining forgiveness ; it was to be used as a means for building up the spiritual life of the soul. He would never allow a penitent to lose heart ; he would stimulate and encourage and inspire. You left his confessional not only resolving not to sin again, but confident that divine grace would help you to translate your resolution into fact.

In hearing confessions, he wrote to a friend, I set before myself two aims :

1. The cure and prevention of deadly sin.

2. The enabling of the penitent to know what God is saying to him by his own conscience.

The first aim is the most pressing : the second is

practically the extirpation of venial sin, because it is sin which hinders the soul from hearing and listening to the voice of God.

I might almost say that there is a third aim, but it is the positive side of the two first. If I name it as a third it would be :

3. The increase of love in the soul through Communion, Meditation, and Intercession.

Love will be increased by the keeping of the Commandments, and this means largely, in most cases, the aiming at a Rule of Life. The Rule of Life seems to be concerned with six things :

1. Prayer.
2. Bible.
3. Communion.
4. Fasting.
5. Almsgiving (including the use of money and possessions).
6. Occasions of sin.

The penitent should be led as to Communion :

1. To prepare better, which does not always mean spending more time, but—

(*a*) Having a better realization of Faith, Hope, Charity, Repentance, and Self-Surrender.

(*b*) Realizing that the Psalms (Christian as well as Jewish—Morning and Evening Prayer, perhaps also Psalm cxix—above all, the first verse of *Magnificat* and *Benedictus*) are said in the Name of Christ and of all His members.

(*c*) Developing the Love of God by Meditation on His revelation, and using for this :

The Memory.
The Understanding.
The Will.

(*d*) Developing the Love of Man by Intercession, praying—

For the whole Church.
For those brought near us by blood,
friendship,
intercourse,
affection,
enmity, etc.
For the conversion of sinners.
For light to those in darkness.
For the advancement of the faithful.

2. To increase in frequency, e.g. :

(i) To make a special Communion when needing some special gift. When this practically means another each week, make that number the rule, let the extra one be one more.

(ii) Consider whether a Communion may not be made whenever opportunity offers, and recollection has been preserved since a good meditation.

N.B.—(1) When sacramental Communion cannot be had, penitents should be encouraged (not forced) to make spiritual Communions.

(2) In frequency of Communion some regard must be given to the edification of others. A young person must not easily communicate much more frequently than his seniors.

(3) In increase of Communion the extirpation of sin has a large place, though sometimes very frequent Communion is the great remedy even for mortal sin.

(4) A prayer of the increasing communicant may be : *Sim in oratione attentus : in epulis sobrius : in proposito firmus.*

Consider also patience and custody of the tongue.

Bishop King said that the best books for a confessor were the Bible and good novels.

IV

In 1909 Coles resigned the office of Principal of Pusey House. He became Warden of the Community of the Epiphany at Truro in 1910 ; Diocesan Chaplain to Dr. Gore, Bishop of Oxford, in 1912 ; and continued to be Chaplain to King's School, Taunton. As Diocesan Chaplain he returned to work which had been very familiar to him at Shepton. He would arrive at a country parish on a Friday night and hold a mission service in the church. On Saturday there would be something of the nature of a retreat for the few that were free to come, and a service of preparation for Communion in the evening. On Sunday he would preach at the usual services, and give an address to men in the afternoon. The visit would conclude with a very early Eucharist, perhaps at five-thirty on Monday morning. Such visits did much to hearten and instruct the isolated priest of a remote village, and would often inspire with new vigour the religious life of the place. Coles loved to preach to country people. He would easily relapse into Somerset vernacular, and could put himself at once into touch with the hearts of simple people. They would listen spell-bound as he preached, and join with fervour in the simple prayers he would ask them to say with him.

His work in the Diocese of Oxford was thus

described in an address to the Sisters of the Epiphany :

If we are bound to recognize the work of the Holy Spirit amongst those who are quite apart from valid Sacraments, much more must we recognize the blessing of God upon many Churchmen who do not rise to the full height of their inheritance.

This is what has been in my mind when I have thought of your work in the Cornish parishes, and compared it with my own in the villages of the Oxford diocese. I have more than once spoken to the Bishop [1] on the matter, and I may say that I know that I have his sanction for the aim I set before myself. Things being as they are, I feel that my work falls into two divisions. I have to aim at bringing the whole Catholic offer before the people and getting it accepted. But I have also to aim at leading men and women to conversion under the conviction of faith in Christ, and to closer union with Him, even when I find it impossible to draw them even to consider the use of confession, the full understanding and witness to the Real Presence, the Holy Sacrifice, and the repudiation of the Protestant claim generally. To do the two things in one visit, and to be entirely candid and true, is not absolutely easy, but various considerations help us.

No one who goes to confession and longs for a daily Mass will be at all the worse for being carried through the foundation exercises culminating in faith in our Lord.

It is not likely that any one with whom our Lord is dealing by His Holy Spirit without requiring full realization of the Sacraments, will be really scandalized by the higher teaching, if it is proposed to the accept-

[1] Dr. Gore.

ance of the conscience, and not imposed as by a hard command.

If we believe that the Catholic Revival has issued from the generations which connect us with the undivided Western Church, we cannot doubt that souls have been saved and that God has been glorified by the lives of thousands who have been further from a full knowledge of the Sacraments than the mass of our people are to-day. I cannot but feel thankful that I have been allowed in the last three years to carry on the visits which the Bishop of Oxford sends me to in his diocese, but I have not heard many confessions, and I have persuaded hardly any of the country people to be present at the Holy Sacrifice as a step to becoming communicants. What I hope has been done is that the greater part of the communicants of a parish, together with a few other adults, and a few children, have learned something more of the meaning and blessing of prayer; they have had the experience of a continuous time of devotion, in which their attention has been sustained; they have realized that Holy Communion is the chief act of worship and means of grace, and they have heard something about confession. On the whole, they have gained some idea that what they have been used to think of as both Romish and Methodistical is a part of what is at their command when they come to seek for it in their own Church.

I have a good hope that many who have recollections of exhortations to consider the use of confession at a time when they were conscious of a real religious effort, will use it before they die.

In the last few years I have heard the first confession of a person whom I had prepared for Confirmation thirty-seven years before, and another person, whom my

Vicar tried to draw to her first confession, has made it about forty years after.

Besides this, it is impossible not to be aware of the help which such a visit may give to the parish priest and his family.

I expect many of you, dear Sisters, have been able to do much more than I have done, but I feel that what even I have been allowed to do is well worth attempting for the honour of our Lord and the conversion of men. We must be content to do the double work—deepening faith, hope, love, penitence, and devotion in those who believe in our Lord, and leading some here and there towards the use of Penance, and to a life of Communion increasing both in frequency and devotion.

During all his life as a priest, Coles had many friends in the religious orders. For the Society of S. John the Evangelist he had the most profound veneration and respect, and more than once he was not far from testing his vocation as a novice with them. He would often repeat Dr. Liddon's word, that the Society of S. John was the best thing in the Church of England.[1] In 1908, in retreat at Cowley, he noted that it was more than forty years since he made his first retreat at their house. He had many friends too among the Sisters. I suppose there was no great convent where he did not conduct retreats, and I have met Sisters who remembered still after thirty, forty, or fifty years, what he taught them about the Blessed

[1] Johnston, *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*, pp. 332–3.

Sacrament and the angels in the early days of his ministry.

One of his great friends was Sister Eliza, of the Community of the Blessed Virgin at Wantage. She was one of the three who did not desert the Church of England when in early days the rest of the community became Roman Catholics. On arrival at Wantage, Coles asked her what he should call his lodgings. The answer was, ' "The Scuttle," for that is where coals should live.' Sister Eliza was very much perturbed at the heavy cost to the community of her false teeth ; Coles comforted her by the reminder that they did not belong to her, but were community property.

Coles was singularly at home with the Community at Truro. The particular ἦθος he found there was exactly germane to his own. He would talk to the Sisters at length on current ecclesiastical events or recently published books, and found ready sympathy for his own point of view.

It was a great delight to Coles to find himself with the boys of King's College, Taunton. He had been appointed a resident fellow of the Society of S. Mary and S. Andrew in 1898, to hold office as senior chaplain. He would take the keenest interest in all that concerned the welfare of the boys, and they responded to his love for them by the affectionate welcome they always gave him on his visits to the school. During the ' Three Hours ' on Good Friday he could keep them interested and

attentive, and from time to time he would hear many confessions.

The years of the Great War touched him very keenly. This is how he faced the awful tragedy of the day :

I can answer what you ask, as far as my own mind goes, for I have found myself saying that nothing but the Passion of our Lord can give us what we want in view of the War. It seems as if, in sermons at any rate, we must get to Holy Week, and stay there. It is the *value* of suffering that justifies all that is happening. If we are able to accept all that comes on those we love, and on ourselves, all that has to be borne is full of power. It gives weight to our prayers ; it enables us to love God better ; it makes us more like our Lord. We have said all our lives that behind all those who took part in the laying of the Cross upon Him, He saw and felt the love and wisdom of His Father. We have always said it, and now have to realize it. When I say this, and see people looking as if they were incredulous, S. Paul's words to the Colossians come to my help : 'I fill up that which is lacking of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh, for His body's sake which is the Church.' The story of the Passion gives help all through. In the Supper Room one sees how calm He could be when this awful and unheard of crisis was coming near. Only one thing moved Him—the nearness of sin, the deadly sin of Judas, and the lesser sin which needed the feet-washing. Then the blows, the spitting, the mock coronation, the scourging, the crucifixion—we do not doubt that while they seem too dreadful to relate, they are meant to move us to thankfulness, and they all hallow the sufferings of Christians.

Then there is the false accusation. Pilate repre-

sents the world that would be glad to be exempted from the blame of His death, but will not face His claims. Every part of the War trouble finds a link with the Cross. I had to preach at a church of S. Mary at their festival last week. 'There stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother.' She *stood*, she did not faint, as has been imagined. She stood in silence, having uttered her Seven Words of love to God and man. She is ready to receive a new charge, 'Behold thy son.' If we have the spirit of the *Magnificat* and its three preparatory and three derived words, we shall be able to stand silent by the Cross, and take up what He gives us to do.

I have done what you told me to do and put down the thoughts that are most in my mind. But God will teach you in His own way. Of course, it is *both* a sharing of the merit of our Lord's Passion, *and* a punishment for sin, because He was bearing the punishment of our sin as well as winning everything for us.

All through his life Coles had a very special affection for young men, and it stirred him to the quick to think what the young soldiers might have to suffer. I have seen him rush to the bookstall at a railway station and return with an armful of illustrated papers to distribute, with the tears running down his face, to a carriage full of lads off to France. On his many journeys during the War he would take with him a supply of little crucifixes, and give one to any soldier or sailor he might meet. In a letter to the Principal of Lichfield he describes such a journey :

I travelled yesterday with three men in khaki, one of whom was quite a religious engineer from Newcastle

and a Churchman, another a thoroughly devout Congregationalist corporal. The third was a very funny looking creature, of a low Oriental type. The Newcastle man told me *sotto voce* that he was a Greek volunteer, but the very intelligent Corporal said he was thought to be a Turk. All three had accepted small crucifixes, and I produced my notebook (out of which I had been reading *The Happy Warrior* to the Corporal), and tried the Oriental with an extract from the *Phaedo*, which he at once rendered into a lingo I could not make out. But he certainly knew the Greek characters, so that his orthodoxy was established, and I gave him the address of the Greek Church in Bayswater.

V

The interior life of a priest is a secret known only to himself and God.

To write on such a subject requires not only reverence and reticence, but as well sympathy and understanding ; what I can say will be very inadequate ; still to omit consideration of this subject would be to omit the consideration of the spring and source of Coles's power.

He lived the life of a very holy priest.

From boyhood till he died he suffered much from the most distressing variety of eczema. He was never without bandages and lotions and ointments. He spared himself nothing on this account. He was constantly in the train, always travelling third class, and often spending hours in station waiting-rooms ; he was constantly on the road, in every sort of uncomfortable con-

veyance ; he was constantly sleeping in various people's houses. It is wonderful to think of his life-long physical misery and discomfort, and his serene and smiling face.

He was never tired of accusing himself of ignorance and laziness, and would often remind his friends that he had felt obliged to resign his exhibition at Balliol because he got only a Third Class in 'Mods.' ; but he left more than a hundred note-books, with closely written pages, showing how very diligently he studied the Holy Scriptures, and prepared for his sermons, missions, and retreats. He would read very carefully many first-class books as they were published, such as Von Hügel's *Mystical Element of Religion* and *Eternal Life*, Dr. Mason's *Historic Martyrs*, *The Early History of the Church and the Ministry* edited by Dr. Swete, Dr. Gore's *Bampton Lectures* and *The Body of Christ*, Father Tyrrell's *Hard Sayings* and *Christianity at the Cross-roads* : what he read, he had an excellent faculty of appreciating and remembering and using. Of course he was entirely familiar with the Greek of the New Testament, and it was quite natural to him to use both Greek and Latin prayers.

He had a strict rule of private prayer early in the morning : often he would be up at five-thirty. He kept many fast days, and kept them rigorously. He was most careful to observe his rule of meditation. In his books of prayers are long lists of names for intercession every day

or on certain days of the week ; and long plans of prayer for private use arranged around the clauses of the Prayer for the Church Militant in the Communion Office. It seems that there was no one with whom he was brought into any relation for whom he did not pray, and the range of his intercessions was not less wide than human need. He did not forget to pray for 'the shareholders, directors, clerks, and customers' of the Bank from which he and his family derived their fortune.

There was a singularly accurate balance in his religious life. Coles could quite understand what is recorded of the Black Prince, that he had a peculiar devotion to the Holy Trinity. He delighted in Faber's hymns about God :

> Full of glory, full of wonders,
> Majesty Divine !
> Mid Thine everlasting thunders
> How Thy lightnings shine !
> Shoreless Ocean ! who shall sound Thee,
> Thine own eternity is round Thee,
> Majesty Divine !

Dr. Liddon and Dr. Gore interpreted for him the glorious mystery of the Incarnation, and it was in their language that he would explain how this glorious mystery is carried forward and made contemporary and brought into touch with individual souls in every age through the ministeries of the holy Church. Coles had a great devotion to the Holy Spirit. Some of his most familiar prayers are addressed to Him.

As a lad at school, he was tremendously interested in the trial of Archdeacon Denison, Archdeacon of Taunton, whose parish of East Brent was only a few miles from Shepton.

In the autumn of 1853, and the following spring, the Archdeacon preached three sermons of astonishing clearness and courage in the cathedral church of Wells on the doctrine of the Holy Communion, whereupon Mr. Ditcher, the Vicar of South Brent, delated him for heresy before Dr. Sumner, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archdeacon was accused of teaching ' that worship is due to the real, though invisible and supernatural presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist under the form of bread and wine,' and ' that the act of Consecration makes the bread and wine, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, to be Christ's Body and Blood.'

On October 22, 1856, Dr. Lushington, the Dean of the Arches, pronounced sentence on the Archdeacon : by the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was deprived of all his preferments. In 1857, however, on a technical point of law, this judgement was reversed, and the reversal was confirmed on appeal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in 1858.[1]

The Archdeacon was a personal friend of Coles's father, besides being in official relation

[1] Liddon, *Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D.*, iii. 427–46; Denison, *Notes of My Life*, chap. viii.

with him as Rural Dean. Stuckey followed with keen interest the weary stages of the trial, and cordially accepted for himself the Archdeacon's teaching. It was very plain to all who knew him how very near to his heart, throughout his whole life, was devotion to our Lord present in the Holy Sacrament, at once our sacrifice and our food.

Coles would celebrate the Holy Mysteries with great dignity and recollection, carefully reading the Anglican Liturgy exactly as it stands, with nothing else said audibly. He himself copied into his well-worn book of prayers the *Praeparatio ad Missam* in Latin, with the seven prayers for each day of the week, ascribed to S. Ambrose. He would always gladly celebrate, but often he would hear the Mass of another priest, and communicate from his hands. In a parish with only one priest, he was delighted that he should celebrate every morning, but in a church served by many priests, he deprecated the multiplication of Masses which would happen when each celebrated every day. In this matter, of course, he was true to the early tradition of the Church.

For himself, he was always strict about the observance of the ecclesiastical rule of fasting communion. He thought that it was Father Mackonochie who had popularized insistence on the obligation of the eucharistic fast among the adherents of the Catholic Revival. He told me how astonished he was as a boy, when Arch-

deacon Denison, staying at his home for a Visitation, in the full glory of his championship of the Real Presence, proceeded from a hearty breakfast to the altar.[1] The last time I saw him, shortly before his death, he asked me if I thought he might receive communion after taking a little medicine in the night to relieve his pain. He had been very reluctant to do this.

His sermons and meditations, given in retreat, were full of eucharistic allusions, which were often quite remote from the primary sense of the text. Thus I remember a beautiful discourse on the duty of attendance at Mass on Sunday, preached from 1 Samuel xx. 29, 'Our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there.'[2]

A sermon on daily communion, preached at S. Paul's, Wilton Place, for the festival of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament in 1907, was printed as a tract; it had a very wide circulation, and did much to commend and increase the practice.

Coles had not often the opportunity of prolonged adoration before our Lord in the Holy Sacrament, but wherever he might happen to

[1] The Reverend Mother of the Community of S. Margaret at East Grinstead tells me that when she made her first communion, her father (Dr. J. M. Neale) 'did not suggest my communicating at the early service at S. Margaret's, but took it for granted I should communicate with my mother and sisters at the Parish Church late.'

[2] This application of the text was borrowed from Dr. Neale.

be, he would adore our Lord present 'in the innumerable tabernacles of Christendom.' On the wall of his room at Pusey House was an engraving of Raphael's 'Disputa,' and he told me it had been left him by his friend Sir John Conroy,[1] who had been accustomed every day to recite before it on his knees the eucharistic hymns of S. Thomas Aquinas.

Coles had a great devotion for the Blessed Virgin, S. Michael, S. Gabriel, and the holy angels; he would ask every day for the help of their prayers; and also for the help of the prayers of his own dear and holy friends 'E. B. P. and H. P. L.'[2] Sometimes he would invoke the saints directly. I remember him telling in a mission sermon the story of SS. Timothy and Maura,[3] how they talked to each other as they hung on their adjacent crosses. 'Pray for us,' he cried, 'pray for us,' as the tears streamed down his face.

The effort to realize in himself the ideal of a celibate priest was a notable part of his spiritual life. He would have agreed with Canon Keatinge: 'Celibacy is an heroic virtue, and for heroic virtue we need high sanctity.'[4] For him it was the application of ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν ἐγὼ ἁγιάζω ἐμαυτόν.[5] He often made his meditation on the right use of creatures, as suggested in the

[1] Fellow of Balliol.
[2] Edward Bouverie Pusey; Henry Parry Liddon.
[3] Mason, *Historic Martyrs*, pp. 323–7.
[4] Keatinge, *The Priest*, p. 101. [5] S. John xvii. 19.

'Principle and Foundation' of the *Exercises of S. Ignatius*; he would say to himself that a right use of creatures means that all the faculties of the body and all the affections of the heart are to be offered to God. 'Celibacy is not a maiming of life, but one perfect form of freedom. It is fruitful of spiritual offspring. It is not mere bachelorhood, that we are not going to be married. It is a vital and intimate union with our Lord. There is terrible mockery in any celibacy which is not actually aiming at all purity.' 'What belongs to sex is in me only to be used for sacrifice.'

He would often ask himself, 'Do I really in the sight of God believe that I am doing His will by being an Anglican priest, and that in a position where I am specially witnessing for the refusal of Papal claims, made very solemnly and persistently to us, who claim to be working for the Catholic Revival in the Church of England?' He was much impressed by the criticism, sometimes successful, he thought, made by Abbot Ramsay of Downside, on Archbishop Benson's interpretation of S. Cyprian. Again and again he would weigh arguments, and consider and pray. Again and again, confident and reassured, he would resume his work, happy in the security of the blessing of God.

Coles had a very strict sense of loyalty to the Church of England. He had seen the Catholic Revival flourish and spread far more widely

than seemed possible in his earlier years ; and this progress was always to him something of a wonderful romance, and the continual proof of God's blessing on the movement. He himself observed with meticulous care the rules of the Prayer Book ; it was perhaps his greatest distress in his last days that increasing weakness and unconquerable drowsiness made it impossible for him to say the Office. My own opinion is that in the main Coles was perfectly right, and that the Catholic Revival would have gone forward more steadily and more surely, especially in country parishes, if the regulations of the Prayer Book had been on the whole more carefully obeyed. But Coles's respect for rubrics and for the supposed limitations of Anglican principles was with him almost an obsession. If he happened to be preaching in a strange church and caught only a distant glimpse of the *Anglican Missal* ; if he came across a notice of 'Vespers of the Blessed Sacrament' [1] announced as a public service (even if Evensong was said as well) ; if a hapless youth received communion in the mediaeval way ; if a hymn was sung in his presence in which the outward part of the Sacrament of the Altar was implicitly ignored : [2] then Stuckey would gird up his loins

[1] A selection of psalms, with the *Magnificat* and Collect from *The English Liturgy*.

[2] Coles would severely deprecate such a hymn as 'Sweet Sacrament divine,' insisting that our Lord was present in the Sacrament, but was not the Sacrament.

and denounce and rebuke and exhort with all the fervour of a Hebrew prophet.

He did not like to see the ablutions at Mass taken immediately after the communion, because he thought the Reformers meant the second paragraph of the *Gloria in excelsis* to be an act of adoration of our Lord in the Sacrament, and with that intention had duplicated the prayer to the Lamb of God. For many years he was very doubtful whether it was good that a sung Mass should be the central Sunday service at ten-thirty or eleven. After I had preached a mission at Shepton in 1912 he wrote to me that he was nearer than ever before to thinking it was right, and before he died he was entirely convinced.

Most of his friends had at times exciting disputes with Stuckey; but they were conflicts in which there was no trace of bitterness; the sweetness and humility of his mind made very easy the restoration of peace.

Coles would have been the last to claim for himself what is called in books of piety 'the spirit of order.' I think, however, it may be truly said, if I may borrow a homely metaphor from Father Noel,[1] that he often had the pill if not the box. Thus he would bitterly reproach himself for not recording in his accounts the amount it had cost him to have his hair cut,

[1] When Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, inquired if there was a confessional box at S. Barnabas', Father Noel replied that there they had the pill but not the box.

or to have a hasty meal at an A B C shop ; yet his generosity in giving away his money was such that his mother was careful to provide him with a small annuity, lest in his old age he should come to actual destitution. I do not suppose his scholarship was very scientific or meticulously exact ; nevertheless he had a wonderful faculty of using what he knew to help other people. No one who heard him read the account of the Eucharist in *Marius the Epicurean*[1] or a poem of Robert Bridges could doubt that he was made happy by beautiful literature, and that is a good test of education. He produced two admirable books of meditations,[2] a volume of lectures delivered at Cambridge,[3] and some excellent hymns. ' Ye who own the Faith of Jesus ' is now very familiar at Anglo-Catholic Congresses ; and I remember him recalling, with a bright twinkle in his eye, how many eminent prelates had been escorted to the altar for their consecration to the words of ' O Shepherd of the sheep.'

Dr. Brightman is said to have remarked that the Principal's room looked like a combination of Mowbrays' shop and Paddington Station ; the bedroom in which he had slept was not unfrequently a scene of dismal wreckage in the morning. A story is told at Liverpool that once he extinguished with water the fire pro-

[1] Walter Pater.
[2] *Lenten Meditations*, 1899 ; *Advent Meditations*, 1899.
[3] *Pastoral Work in Country Districts*, 1906.

vided in his bedroom ; and then proceeded at dawn to rekindle it with the aid of candle ends, of which he had brought a private supply.

I remember seeing him at Taunton Station : an untidy bag in one hand ; in the other a large black bundle kept together by safety-pins. As he pursued his untroubled way along the platform, about a yard of bandage depending from a trouser trailed after him on the ground. The porters knew him well, and watched him with an affectionate and yet respectful smile : their feeling towards him was not unlike that with which the common people in every age have regarded one whom they thought to be a saint.

The following reminiscences are from the Master of the Temple, the Rev. S. C. Carpenter :

The memory of his unwieldy form, his quick eye and shaggy brow, his fun, his occasional unflinching sternness, and his radiant and perpetual goodness at all times and to all people, will never leave me. He gave me a wholly new idea of what was meant by devotion to our Lord. I had never known any one so thoroughly and whole-heartedly orthodox, with such an all-embracing grip of the whole Catholic Faith, such a dutiful acceptance of the whole Catholic system, and yet so simple in his love of the Redeemer, so Evangelical in his handling of the Bible as the Word of God.

I saw him first at Cuddesdon in 1902, and, raw student as I was, I said to myself, ' This man is the real thing.' During the next few years I met him once or twice, but I never really discovered him till he was persuaded to come to the Caius Mission, Battersea, to

help in a Parochial Mission. He was not himself the chief missioner, but he took a large and vital part in the work. I can see him now, kneeling in the middle of the nave and making us all say after him those little verses of his :

> Holy Spirit, show me my sin ;

or,

> Make what is true more true to me,
> Let fuller light appear.

I can see him stumping into the pulpit, and telling the story which he loved of Sydney Carton and the little girl in the prison, or giving, on Sunday night, a marvellous instruction on the Incarnation. The people took him to their hearts. One old woman said he was like an angel. Old women do say things like that, but we knew what she meant. We were all young. He steadied us, and led us all through that fortnight along a road which we found it hard to follow, but could plainly recognize. It was the pure God-guided life, the life of the priest who for himself desires nothing except to serve God better, and for others desires only to bring them nearer to God. There was no self about him ; he contrived to send the whole of his masterful will, and the whole of the strong intellect, with the possession of which he was not always credited, in the direction of God's glory. On the first night of the mission one of the others had said, ' And now Canon Coles will tell you of his plans.' He stood up at the chancel step, and after a long pause said, ' Plans ! How can I have any plans ? " The wind bloweth where it listeth." How can I have any plans ? '

And if it was ever true of any one, it was true of Stuckey that he was led of the Spirit.

Yet he used his mind vigorously. His judgements

were shrewd and penetrating. He knew how to handle men, and though I suppose he pressed some people over-hard and put them off, there must be thousands to whom, in little personal talks, in trains or anywhere, he was the instrument of their conversion.

I remember one such conversion at this very mission. A young man in the district was at the point of death. He had been a communicant, but he had drifted away and was aloof and unhappy. Stuckey was sent to see him. There is no record of what passed between them, but before the end of the mission Percy died, quite happy, with all the bitterness purged out of his soul, without shame or sin.

After that I saw him from time to time at his house at Seaton or at Cambridge, and heard from him every now and then.

He had become one of the guiding and inspiring influences of my life. Years later, when he was very old, he wrote, 'On some days I cannot say my prayers very well, but sometimes, when I can do better, I come to two names on my list, —— and ——. And then I have many eager and happy thoughts.'

Dear Stuckey, your two friends were often wayward, often trying. Sometimes they made you pant a little, sometimes your eye kindled and you shook a warning finger. But they knew that you loved them. And they could not help loving you. You were so holy, so pure in heart, so utterly the priest of God.

EUCHARISTIC CONTROVERSY

EUCHARISTIC CONTROVERSY

I

IN 1894 Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister had to choose a bishop for the great See of Bath and Wells. Both Vincent Stuckey Coles and George Wyndham Kennion had been among his school friends, and it is interesting to speculate as to what would have been the result had he chosen the first instead of the second. When Dr. Kennion was appointed, Coles did all he could to help him, hoping that the spiritual beauty of the episcopate of Edward King of Lincoln was going to be reproduced in Somerset. Coles had the highest conception of the dignity of a bishop ; he was entirely true to the Tractarian motto, 'The lightest word of a bishop is heavy,' and was sincerely pained when Marson of Hambridge would rejoin that his own opinion was exactly the reverse : 'The heaviest word of a bishop is light.'

On three conspicuous occasions Coles felt it his duty to bear strong and clear witness to his profound conviction about the reality of the presence of our Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar, and the consequent duty of adoration of Him therein.

The books he depended on were the *Theological Defence* of Bishop Forbes of Brechin, *On Eucharistical Adoration*[1] by Mr. Keble, and *The Doctrine of the Real Presence from the Fathers* by Dr. Pusey. Here is a statement of his belief :

The Catechism closely follows S. Irenaeus, and is not content to deal with the Lord's Supper as with Baptism. In Baptism there are noted only two things, the outward sign and the inward grace, but in the Lord's Supper there are three, the outward part, *the inward part*, and the benefits received. It is well to remember that when we adore our Lord in the Sacrament, under the veil of the elements and because they are proposed to our consciousness, we do not worship any new person or thing, or any other person than Him Whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, we worship at all times and in all places. It is as God that He is adored, and as God He is ubiquitous. He is not ubiquitous as Man, and it is as Man that He becomes present when the priest utters the consecrating words. It is not that an adoration becomes possible which was before impossible, but that, by the presence of His Manhood, a special demand is made upon us for the worship of His Divine Person

In October, 1898, the Diocesan Conference was held at Wells. In his opening address, the

[1] 'I must take leave, then, to say that, granting the doctrine of the real and objective Presence, adoration is not only permitted but enjoined by the Church of England in her Prayer Book. Those who would prove that she prohibits the one must first make out that she denies the other, which they can never do as long as her Catechism and Communion Office remain' (p. 138).

'The House,' Shepton Beauchamp.

(Photograph by Mr. Francis Jones.)

Bishop spoke about the reservation of the Holy Sacrament, and, with apparent approval, of certain priests who practised it, as he believed, 'with no thought of encouraging adoration.' He went on to say, 'I desire you as your Bishop in those cases where you are accustomed to reserve the Holy Sacrament for the sick, to relinquish that custom.'

In a very careful and conciliatory speech, Coles proposed the following resolution :

That with regard to the limits of ceremonial the Conference holds that (1) in all cases the use of at least the surplice for the administration of the Sacraments, the reverent and complete consumption of the consecrated elements in the Holy Communion, and the administration of Baptism by pouring, according to the rubric, shall be observed ; (2) that the special vestments and ceremonies at the Holy Communion which have been revived of late years are generally permissible at fitting times and places ; (3) that the introduction of ceremonies which stand in no relation to the existing services of the Church, is beyond the competence of individual priests.

There are four main lines of teaching which these ceremonies enunciate and from which they derive their value.

1. The identity of the English with the ancient Church.

2. The sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist.

3. The Real Presence of our Lord in His adorable Manhood in the Holy Sacrament.

4. The legitimate place of symbolism and material forms in divine worship.

It is very disappointing to read the debate which followed. No one seems to have made any effort to consider the arguments so carefully marshalled by Coles. 'Mr. Stuckey Coles,' said the Dean,[1] 'had come among them much as Augustine came a great many years ago, in a missionary spirit, to enlighten the darkness of this part of Wessex, but why did he not preach something more like the Gospel than vestments?' Canon Quirk, the Rector of Bath, who became Bishop-Suffragan of Sheffield in 1901, raised the thrilling question, 'Supposing they accepted these points, what about holy water, timbrels for obeisance, tabernacles, and so on?' Mr. Washington could not distinguish between the teaching indicated by these vestments and ceremonies and by the statement of the mover of the resolution, and the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation. 'Were these vestments and ceremonies introduced and the teaching put forth in any country church, how could the farmers and farm labourers distinguish between it and Transubstantiation?'

In his reply at the Conference, and afterwards in a letter to the *Bath Chronicle*, Coles explained to Mr. Washington that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is an academic error;[2]

[1] The Very Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake, D.D.

[2] Coles always thought of Transubstantiation as an explanation of the Real Presence in terms of a certain school of mediaeval philosophy. In fact, 'to hold Transubstantiation does not necessarily involve the holding of the mediaeval

but ' while there is great difference between us and the Roman Catholics as to definition, there is no difference as to the duty of adoration flowing from the doctrine.'

Ever afterwards the Bishop, who was not an accurate theologian, regarded Coles with the coldest suspicion, being firmly convinced that he was a stalwart champion of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Certainly Coles had made it clear once and for all that between Catholics in the Church of England and Catholics in communion with the Apostolic See, there is no difference with respect to the adoration of our divine Lord in the Holy Sacrament.

II

In January, 1905, the Bishop of Bath and Wells wrote to the Rev. James Dunn, Vicar of S. John's, Bathwick, directing him in future to abstain from genuflecting before the Holy

philosophy with which it was originally connected ' (Dr. Goudge, *Reservation*, Report of a Conference at Farnham, p. 35). ' My own conviction is,' wrote Dr. Pusey in his *Eirenicon*, ' that our Articles deny Transubstantiation in one sense, and that the Roman Church, according to the explanation of the *Catechism* of the Council of Trent, affirms it in another ' (part i, p. 229). This is the demand that Bossuet made of the Lutherans in *Declaratio fidei orthodoxae* : ' Neque quidquam a lutheranis postulamus, quam ut admittant illam, analogiae fidei congruentem, ac vi verborum institutionis in sacra coena factam, mutationem mysteriosam, per quam modo nobis imperscrutabili verificetur haec propositio sanctis Patribus frequentissime usurpata : Panis est corpus Christi ' (Batiffol, *Revue du Clergé Français*, 1er sept., 1908, p. 532).

Sacrament. Whereupon Coles wrote to the Bishop the following letter :

PUSEY HOUSE,
OXFORD.
January 25, 1905.

MY DEAR LORD,

James Dunn was here this week, and read me your Lordship's letter to him. I am not venturing to interfere in the matter ; he does not know that I am writing, and this letter will need no reply. But I cannot help writing when I reflect on the consequences of the action on which your Lordship is entering.

As far as I remember, in all the troubles about ceremonial, I have never known an English bishop issue a command against genuflection before the Holy Sacrament, till now. Such a command is a very grave thing indeed. Before my ordination, Dr. Liddon told me that he thought genuflections in the course of the Consecration Prayer were open to objection as causing breaks in the service, and, except for a short time some years ago when I altered my practice in deference to the custom of others, I have acted on his advice. I know too that a ' profound inclination,' rather than genuflection, is the mediaeval English tradition, and if I were contending for an act of reverence on the ground of its being part of the service, I should adopt the profound inclination. But many of us, who do not feel slavishly bound to mediaeval rubrics, have used genuflection as an act of private devotion witnessing to the reality of the presence of the Body and Blood of our divine Lord as the inward part of the Sacrament. While that truth is so widely denied amongst us, and while the accusation of idolatry is so readily brought against those of us who, in common with Roman Catholics, believe it, to lay

aside the practice even at the command of the Bishop, when one knows that the command has for its motive a desire to satisfy those who deny the doctrine, seems impossible. I feel sure, my dear Lord, that you yourself would not wish to interfere with such witness. You do not feel bound to join in it, but you would wish to leave to those who do feel so bound, their liberty. Certainly I received no rebuke when I genuflected before the chalice in your own hands, before taking it from you to administer to the people at Ilminster. I feel sure that your present action comes from a desire to join in concessions to Protestant opposition. It may be that your Lordship's conscience asks for this, but I am sure the greatness of the issue must not be ignored.

To bend the knee in adoration is a symbol that any one can understand. When I was at Shepton, I never enjoined it on the people, nor even on the boys who served, but we clergy always did it, and left those who were so drawn to follow us. To leave off such an act would be fatally significant in the eyes of the poor. I think your Lordship will see that it would be impossible.

Perhaps in your diocese such a command may not seem impracticable. I suppose it would affect about fifty churches. But in the great cities it would affect a very much larger number, and if it is issued, one of three results must follow. Either the clergy would obey and be utterly discredited among their people, with results of mischievous perplexity ; or resign, a course which would tend to the formation of a schism ; or disobey, with a more disintegrating result perhaps than even that of a schism. Perhaps your Lordship knows that some years ago the American bishops issued such a command. I think they will say that the disobedience which has followed has weakened their authority, and tended to emphasize divisions. They indeed were dealing

with what had been comparatively recent in adoption. Perhaps your Lordship has not quite realized that, if such a command as you have given to James Dunn were issued by all the bishops, it would affect the habitual witness borne by men still living, before their flocks, for nearly half a century.

Forgive me if I am too bold, but I am sure that it is well for the greatness of this issue to be laid before your Lordship.

With all desire to obey and to be loyal,

I am, my dear Lord,

Yours, as ever,

V. S. S. COLES.

The Bishop replied as follows :

THE PALACE,
WELLS, SOMERSET.
January 28, 1905.

DEAR COLES,

I am sure your letter to me is written with all good desire, and for that reason I thank you for it. What you say about yourself and your action on an occasion when we were at a service together at Ilminster had entirely passed from my mind. But I should probably have put a construction upon it which differs from what you have now written.

I quite agree as to the serious nature of the position now reached.

I shall not act in a hurry. I think I ought to ask you to notice that it is the letter of the clergy to the Secretary of the Royal Commission affirming that the evidence given about them is in the main correct, that has brought me to the duty of writing to them in reference to the practices complained about. I shall be glad

to learn whether I may use your letter in the event of my taking advice (not legal) as to the right course to follow.

Yours truly,
G. W. BATH AND WELLS.

I do not think the Bishop made any further attempt to prevent the customary salutation of the Holy Sacrament.

III

From 1901 to 1911 Dr. Francis Paget was Bishop of Oxford. He had succeeded Dr. King as Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology in 1885, and was his very intimate friend. He was an exquisite scholar and a master of the spiritual life. His biography contains a beautiful account of how he made his first confession.[1] When Dr. Pusey was unable to preach before the University in 1879, he was chosen, as 'a young friend of the writer,' to read the sermon in the pulpit of S. Mary's.[1]

Dr. Paget was a member of the Royal Commission appointed in 1904 'to inquire into the alleged prevalence of breaches or neglect of the law relating to the conduct of divine service in the Church of England': the report of the Commission was issued in 1906, and in a Charge to his diocese, the Bishop commended its decisions. Certain practices—for instance

[1] S. Paget, *Francis Paget*, pp. 45–6.
[2] Liddon, *Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D.*, iv. 337.

'the reservation of the Sacrament under conditions which lead to its adoration'—were condemned as 'clearly inconsistent with and subversive of the teaching of the Church of England.'

In a preface to the fourth edition of *The Body of Christ*, Dr. Gore, then Bishop of Birmingham, contended strongly that though such practices might be 'illegitimate,' they do not 'involve a doctrine which the Church of England excludes. It does not exclude Mr. Bennett's doctrine.[1] So the Commissioners recognize. And I am sure Mr. Bennett's doctrine, neither more nor less, affords a natural basis for these (devotionally most attractive) practices.'

Coles, as Principal of Pusey House, addressed the following letters to the Bishop of Oxford :

My dear Lord,

Your kind words the other day, as to the possibility of my speaking freely to you, encourage me to put before you what is in my mind in regard to your charge, or at least that part of it which concerns Eucharistic ceremonial. Let me say again that I am heartily grateful for the result on my own mind of your Lordship's own teaching about the Eucharist. I know that for my own

[1] 'Who myself adore, and teach the people to adore, Christ present in the Sacrament under the form of Bread and Wine, believing that under their veil is the sacred Body and Blood of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' This formula had been revised by Dr. Pusey himself. (F. Bennett, *The Story of W. J. E. Bennett*, p. 219; Liddon, *Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D.*, iii. 459; iv. 217–8, 225.)

sake and for the sake of those under my care, it is good for me to be often reminded of the spiritual and heavenly character of the whole Eucharistic action.

I may say that my own efforts to keep this before my mind are connected with the doctrine of Spiritual Communion. I find myself constantly reminding people that the rubric about it in our Prayer Book is no novelty and that the *Sarum Manual* quoted S. Augustine's *Crede et manducasti*. I have often tried to realize for myself and others that if the Holy Spirit can dispense with the sacramental gifts and the appointed use of them we must infer that the place of His operation in the sacramental act itself is a truth on which it is necessary to dwell with great insistence. I have tried to make much of the words : ' It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing,' and this is always connected in my mind with Father Benson's saying that Transubstantiation does not go far enough.

But I cannot forget that your Lordship's reference to the heavenly and spiritual character of the Eucharist is intended to support the recommendations of the Royal Commission. In the first of these, practices are condemned as being significant of teaching repugnant to the doctrine of the Church of England and as ' clearly inconsistent with and subversive of the teaching of the Church of England as declared by the Articles and set forth in the Prayer Book.'

I could well understand that some of these practices might be condemned as being unauthorized interpolations or as wanting in authority and precedent, or as emphasizing unduly one side of the truth to the exclusion of another. (I should suppose this may be said to be the ground on which the Bishop of Birmingham deprecates such practices as the midday Eucharist without communicants.) But the condemnation is not on

grounds like these. It is on the ground that the doctrine is contrary to that of the Church of England.

Your Lordship has said much in the charge of the 'significance' of ceremonies and its gravity. In this there is nothing that I should desire to deprecate. It is the grave significance of the ceremonies condemned that moves me to ask your Lordship to consider the position in which many of us are placed by the recommendations of the Commission. We value the restored ceremonies because they are significant of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist which, while tenable in the Church of England, is not opposed in principle to that of the Church of Rome, at least since the Council of Trent, or to that of the Eastern Church, a doctrine which the later Tractarians and notably Dr. Pusey attributed to the early undivided Church. Holding this doctrine to be that to which the Church of England directs us, that which gives us common conviction and common modes of worship with the rest of the Church, we cannot surrender practices condemned on the express ground that they teach this doctrine. For myself any obedience to episcopal authority, even at the sacrifice of what I love, would be welcome because I should feel that the exercise of the authority is a reassuring part of the life of the Church. But such obedience is not possible if the command strikes at doctrine which I teach and believe to be Catholic and Scriptural. Ceremonies, which may easily be laid aside for other reasons, become essential when they are forbidden as being significant of doctrine for which we feel bound to witness. If, as is the case in Spain, we had a practice of solemnly dancing before the Blessed Sacrament, and this were forbidden because the genuflections of which the dance consists were held to be significant of false doctrine, we should be bound to maintain the practice.

I should like to add that our conviction of the lawfulness of our position in the Church of England does not rest merely on the decision in the Bennett case. We think that Mr. Froude was right when he made the statement which Moberly quoted in his paper :

> It is historically certain that Elizabeth and her ministers intentionally framed the Church formulas so as to enable every one to use them who would disclaim allegiance to the Pope.

You would remember that he is led to say this when he is defending the contention of *Tract XC*, and you would also remember that the doctrine of *Tract XC* was adopted by Dr. Pusey late in his life and that he accepted the dedication of Bishop Forbes' *Thirty-nine Articles*. I need not make quotations either from that work or from *Tract XC* to show that they set forth the statement which Dr. Pusey made in the *Eirenicon* :

> My own conviction is that our Articles deny Transubstantiation in one sense, and that the Roman Church, according to the explanation of the *Catechism* of the Council of Trent, affirms it in another.

I have sometimes wondered whether your Lordship has known the wide use and the weighty sanction which can be claimed for ceremonies significant of the doctrine I am speaking of. Let me take one or two instances from the practice of those who have gone to their rest.

I can remember more than one conversation with Robert Wilson on the subject of ceremonial. I remember his acquiescence in the view that when the celebrant places his elbows upon the altar in consecrating, the object was not to conceal but to secure the safety of the Blessed Sacrament. I remember his saying that he thought the midday Eucharist without communicants was inevitable. I remember his saying that he had

ventured to use a proper preface for All Souls' Day in Keble College Chapel. When I was curate to William Butler in 1870, he came back from a foreign tour deeply impressed with the blessing of the devotion he had seen abroad promoted by the Reserved Sacrament. He thought that our rubric clearly forbade Reservation in the Church of England, but he constantly spoke with regret of the prohibition, and he introduced a custom at the Home Chapel of making a pause of ten minutes after the consecration for united silent adoration of our Lord present under the sacramental veils. I need not say that the name of Canon Carter might be added to those of Butler and Wilson as witnessing to the same doctrine and practice. I do not think that either of these three would have been responsible for the use of Benediction or for the use of the words, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' Certainly Butler would have strongly objected to them as being unauthorized, but there is no doubt that they would have been greatly troubled by the declaration that the doctrine connected with these practices was untenable. It is surely not too much to say that such a declaration made by those in spiritual authority would shake to their foundations the large Communities of Sisters founded by Butler and Carter, and a vast number of clergy through the whole of our communion would also be troubled. I know well that this is no reason for tolerating what is believed to be heretical doctrine, but I should suppose that nothing less than heresy would make it impossible to tolerate so large a part of the Anglican Communion.

What I have written so far has been shown to several friends, and altered in some places at their suggestion. I think it represents a feeling which exists perhaps rather in a stronger than in a weaker way than I have expressed it. But also I feel sure that what one at least

of my friends has said is true, that when your Lordship gives your high and grave sanction to the Recommendations of the Commissioners you intend to condemn what seems to you to flow from a carnal view of Transubstantiation. The representations I am offering are, however, based upon a conviction, partly resulting from experience, that it is not the carnal view which we have desired to express by the ceremonies, and that the abolition of the ceremonies would be taken as excluding not the carnal but the spiritual view of the Real Presence. I am not asking for any comment on your Lordship's part on what I have said. I only desire to make a contribution to that mass of facts which I know your Lordship will wish to weigh in the momentous time which is coming, and I remain,

With all affectionate duty,
Yours most truly,
V. S. S. COLES.

PUSEY HOUSE,
OXFORD.
January 25, 1907.

MY DEAR LORD,

When I wrote on receiving your kind letter of December 31st that I should be glad to wait until after a mission I was to take, before writing again, I said that I should like to write later of all that is in my mind on the subject of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. On reflection, I am inclined to ask to be allowed, for the present, to do less than this.

The matter tends to take a form in which your Lordship's responsibility as Bishop and as Governor of this House is becoming more prominent, and I think it may be more becoming and expedient for me to reply as

to what you have felt bound to condemn, rather than to write at length about my own convictions, and the way in which they have been formed.

I am grateful for your readiness to allow the sermon I sent to explain my letter. In your Lordship's judgement I fell away from the true teaching of the Church of England, when I used the phrase 'Presence in the Tabernacle.' I should like to say that I do not cling to these words, if they seem likely to be misunderstood as imposing a local limit upon the Sacred Manhood. I should wish to repudiate a phrase sometimes used, 'The Prisoner of the Tabernacle.' I conceive that wherever the consecrated bread is, there is the pledged presence of the Sacred Manhood, which, although endowed with the subtle attributes of spirit, is not ubiquitous. I conceive that such presence of the Sacred Manhood makes a demand upon us for an adoring regard, which, quickened by the thought, 'Jesus is here,' ought to rise to the further thought, 'We are through Him in heaven.' I conceive that in so thinking I am in accord with the motives which led Mr. Keble, at Dr. Liddon's urgent request, to alter 'not in the hands' to 'as in the hands.' That is the defence which I humbly offer, and I desire to say that I shall endeavour to secure that the use of any such phrase as that which is condemned, shall be understood in the sense I have now given to it.

Your Lordship repudiates the interpretation which I have put upon the Recommendations of the Royal Commission. In this repudiation a distinction is drawn between what is significant of a carnal and what is significant of a spiritual Presence. I find it hard to discover any ceremonial which seems to signify the carnal as distinct from the spiritual view of the Real Presence. I know well how powerful ceremonial is

to signify the real as distinct from the virtual Presence. If the simple people at a church where ceremonial prevails were told that it was to cease because it favoured false doctrine, I am sure they would suppose that the teaching of Dr. Pusey as contrasted with that of, to take an instance, Bishop Wilberforce was held to be false. But, as I said, I would rather leave the defence of the theological side to Stone.[1] His extensive knowledge of the history of Eucharistic doctrine brings him to the same conclusions to which I seem to be inevitably led by inference, instinct, and experience. Our convictions are confirmed by the fact that they enable us to feel that the whole Church is practically at one on the great doctrine of the chief Sacrament.

With all affectionate duty,
I am, my dear Lord,
Yours most truly,
V. S. S. COLES.

The following letter was written, but not sent.

PUSEY HOUSE,
OXFORD.
February 10, 1907.

MY DEAR LORD,

Your kind letter of February 8th has reached me to-day.

As I hope that my explanation of the phrase which you felt bound to condemn, is not quite unacceptable, I do not know that I should do more than thank your Lordship for this letter, were it not that Johnston,[2] when

[1] The Rev. Darwell Stone, D.D., Pusey Librarian, 1903; Principal, 1909.

[2] The Rev. J. O. Johnston, Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College.

he called here last week, urged me to ask for an interview with your Lordship, and seemed confident that further explanation, especially by word of mouth, might improve my position.

I think, therefore, that it may be well for me to say a word more about the Recommendations of the Royal Commission.

I will venture to record my entire confidence that your Lordship's view of what Stone and I have said about the Recommendations is the inevitable result of a conscientious and most serious judgement. But I am not able to find in that view of my own which conflicts with your Lordship's view, those elements of injustice or perverseness which would account for the divergence in conclusions. I can but think that there must be some difference of understanding as to the facts involved.

When I look for such difference, I think I can see two points :

1. There seems to be a difference in the estimate of the pre-Reformation doctrine of the Eucharist. It appears that on the one side the view is held that the Western Church was committed to a carnal view, while on the other side it is confidently believed that this carnal view was far from universal, and that a stream of spiritual doctrine on the Holy Eucharist had been continuous in the Roman Communion, before it was confirmed and adopted by the Council of Trent.

2. There seems to be a difference as to the doctrine of the English Reformed Church. On one side it seems to be held that, apart from the literal meaning of the reformed formularies, there is a body of doctrine which is distinctive, and substantially opposed to that of Rome. On the other side it is contended that, while the formularies support and commend a doctrine which

finds its highest expression in Hooker, they are intentionally framed so as to admit of a different doctrine, substantially one with that of the Council of Trent. This would, I conceive, be the doctrine of Pusey and Keble in their later years, and of Bishop Forbes. This is the doctrine which I have held ever since as a boy I knew about Archdeacon Denison's trial.

I can understand that the Mass of the Presanctified might be thought subversive of right doctrine, if no doctrine is admissible beyond that on which Hooker desires to fix our attention, but I cannot understand how it can be subversive of the richer doctrine common (as is the rite in question) to both East and West.

If I am right in thinking that the divergence thus passes away from the immediate matter of the Commission to a larger issue, and if it be your Lordship's pleasure to hear what I have to say on this—a very vital matter to many besides myself—I shall gladly attend at any time and place.

I am, my dear Lord,
With all affectionate duty,
Yours most truly,
V. S. S. COLES.

IV

In 1906 and 1907 Coles came in for much episcopal disapproval in consequence of his criticism of the Recommendations of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, and also in consequence of certain of his hymns published in the *English Hymnal*. These controversies led to the presentation to him of the following address which was signed by some five

hundred of his friends ; among them were Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln ; Dr. Gore, Bishop of Birmingham ; Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrews ; the Bishops of Worcester, Glasgow, Reading, Ipswich, Kingston, Nassau, Fond du Lac, Madagascar, Bloemfontein, Zululand, Rockhampton, Grahamstown, and Lebombo ; the present Bishops of Exeter, Kensington, St. Andrews, Nassau, Whitby, Corea, Colombo, and Masasi ; Dr. Sanday, Dr. Lock, Dr. Field, Sir Herbert Warren, Dr. Burney, Dr. Goudge, Dr. Kidd, Dr. Brightman, Dr. Scott Holland, Dr. F. Homes Dudden (now Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford) ; Father Ommanney, Father Suckling, Father Russell, Father Congreve, Father Page, Lord Halifax, the Hon. Edward Wood (now Lord Irwin and Viceroy of India), R. R. Dolling, Charles Marson, Dean Gregory, Canon Body, Canon Newbolt, Mr. W. J. Birkbeck, Mr. D. C. Lathbury, Mr. E. W. Hansell.

To the Rev. V. S. S. Coles,
Principal of the Pusey House, Oxford.

We, the undersigned, being some of your very many personal friends, wish to assure you of our deep sense of all that God has permitted you to do for His Church, by your long and unwearied ministrations in Retreats and Missions, as Theologian, Hymn-writer, Parish Priest, Director, and as the never-failing guide of generations of men who have sought your advice and profited by your example.

And while we wish to assure you of our love and

gratitude, we pray God that you may be spared for many years to come to continue your great work, and to maintain the battle for the Faith in the anxious days which seem to lie before the Church of England.

Coles sent the following reply to each who had signed :

PUSEY HOUSE,
OXFORD.
S. Matthias' Day, 1907.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wish to ask you to accept the best and truest thanks I can offer for the address which has been sent to me by Sir John Riddell, signed by some five hundred men who allow me to reckon them as my personal friends.

Your name is amongst them, and my wish would be to write to you a separate letter, dictated not only by gratitude, but by the dear and varied memories which recur to me as I look at the long and precious list.

How can I thank God as I ought for such a gift of kindness ? I have always felt that ' troops of friends ' is the most delightful of the pleasures which old age may hope for, and I dare to hope that the joy may be a safe one, when the tie of friendship is the common possession of the gift of faith. I know well that, while your kindness to me is real and deep, it is your zeal for our holy religion that has led you to let me feel the kindness at this time.

I have already sought at the altar to make the best return I can, and I hope to do so at regular intervals as long as I live. Kindness shown to any one always entails more kindness, and I must be bold to ask you to pray for me, that the joy you have given me may not help to undo me, but that I may serve God better for

the time that remains, short or long, and find His mercy at last.

There is one other word which I cannot leave unsaid. It moves me greatly to think that I, to whom the lines have fallen in such pleasant places, whose lot it is to minister almost entirely to those who are so much kinder to me than I deserve, should have this great happiness, while there are so many, far better men and better priests than I am, fighting lonely battles, and meeting with little kindness or encouragement from men. It will certainly be pleasing to our Lord if you will pour out on some of them what you have given so generously to me. May He give us all we hope for in our brightest moments, and never leave us without hope in the darkest moments.

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

V. S. S. COLES.

LETTERS

1. *To a Friend going to Cuddesdon*

PUSEY HOUSE,
OXFORD.

August 6, 1900.

I HAD not seen the History List till I came back here on Saturday night after my foreign travels. I might almost say after my pilgrimage, for I do trust I may be a little bit better for having seen the Passion Play. I suppose you are really happy, from what you said, in your class, and at any rate I am sure you may be happy and thankful when you look back over your Oxford time, and hopeful for the future.

It is a great moment to be entering on life. I felt it was a time marked by great things when I was ordained just as the Vatican Council began to sit, and just before the Franco-German War began, but it is perhaps a greater moment now. So often Bishop King said to me in my youth, when I used to ask him how he thought the future of the Church would work out, 'There is China to be developed: who can tell what may come of that?' And South Africa is hardly less. And perhaps while you are preparing at Cuddesdon, a General Election

will show us that the forces of Protestantism are strong enough to make us very uncomfortable, or else that the last and greatest effort of Protestantism will have been futile. Perhaps I am faint-hearted, but I think the former more likely than the latter.

You would have liked to see, not only the Passion Play, which was like a great and memorable retreat, but Innsbruck, where we stayed some days. It is very un-modern, more like a Spanish town than anything I have seen out of Spain, but I have not seen Italy. All the city is alive with memories of Hofer, who must have been one of the most splendid of men. They seemed to be keeping the Octave of S. Anne, because it was on her day that Hofer took the city.

And then there is the great tomb of Maximilian, with white marble subjects of marvellous beauty worked all round it. If I had only known the history a little, it would have been much more interesting.

There are wonderful and beautiful things in the world, but none so wonderful and beautiful as man's nature, which is the very material of our sacred art. It is because London is so full of people that one comes back with joy to its crowds from the graceful but thinly filled streets of the Tyrolese city.

I shall look forward to seeing you next term ; I know you will love Cuddesdon.

God bless you, dear friend, and keep you

always, and make you all He means you to be, and crown you with His own joy.

Yours, I hope, always in Him,

V. S. S. C.

2. *To the same*

September 6, 1900.

Next week we have the Resurrection Society retreat. Will you say a prayer for me? You cannot know how much I need to improve. It would not be right for me to tell you about myself, though I feel as if I should like to do so, but I like to think you will pray for me. God has been very good to me, but my life is full of disorder and self-deceit.

I think what you say about your own aims is quite right. I should not wish you to take a celibate pledge, even temporarily, yet, but I hope you may do so when you are ordained priest. What you say about the joy of marriage in others is most true. It is the feeling of the writer of Psalm xlv in the first and last verses.

I suppose we ought to get the blessing of the daily Mass by the help of the Holy Spirit, if we unite our usual Mass prayers with the offering in earth and heaven. Certainly we can get the benefit of Communion in that way, and I hope you will increase your communions when you go to Cuddesdon.

One of the things we ought to try and learn when we are a little free is the way to fast. It is

not possible for beginners to really fast when they have much to do, but a day when you have nothing to do but rest and read may be chiefly sustained on bread and vegetables, the bread being very little before midday.

Forgive me if I have written too much about myself.

Yours ever affectionately,

V. S. S. C.

3. *To the same*

December 16, 1900.

Dr. King used to say that we must not expect to do the same in vacation as in the Cuddesdon term. It would be like expecting to do the same in winter as in summer. The real comparison is between this winter and last winter, this vacation and last vacation.

If you were to try to say Psalm cxix daily without troubling about the antiphons, hymns, etc., except when opportunity offered, that would be good. But I don't think I should make even that obligatory.

I should require myself to make not less than two hours meditation in the week, arranging it in any way that might be convenient.

And I should try for the spiritual communions, without making them obligatory.

I do not think more frequent confession is likely to do much for you. I quite understand your wishing to go before Christmas, and of

course you are absolutely free to go whenever you wish to. I only say this because of the perfectly absurd ideas some people have about 'getting leave' from your usual confessor.

As to getting your words right, I expect you ought to remember that it is not only that you have to avoid giving pain for the sake of avoiding it, but because it spoils your power of doing good to others. There is a priesthood of the baptized, which makes every one, in a way, the pastor of every one else. You would understand how futile it is for a priest who wants, e.g., to get hold of lads, to be unkind to them. Really, you have as true a mission to every one in the house at home as if you were their priest. You cannot tell what it is that you are meant to do for each of them. There is a certain danger of being tiresomely anxious to be kind, but that lies farther on, and, for the present, I expect you cannot take too much pains not only to do good to others, but to do it in the way that will give most pleasure. When I think of what your friendship has been to me, it is indeed strange that it should not be possible for you to be all you would wish to be at home, but I know it often is the case that it is more easy to be kind to strangers, and to people that you do not live with, than to those who are really dearest to you.

I expect I have told you my four points about attention at service.

1. Begin well. Realize what you are doing—

that by the help of the Spirit you are coming to the Father by the Son. This gives meaning to *In nomine*. It is a good thing to say the Acts of Faith, etc., before solemn choir services. Sometimes I say *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*.

And above all, an intention is good. The office becomes such a vehicle of intercession.

2. Fill up gaps. If the officiant pauses, as before the lessons, try to think of what is coming. If he goes much too fast, or too slow for you, take your book (that is often wise anyhow) and say the service at your own pace.

3. Absorb distractions. If thoughts come, make them part of your intention. Make the hostile messengers 'turn behind' you and become part of your retinue.

4. Remember the solidarity of worship—the Communion of Saints. If you have the right intention, all the prayers of earth and Paradise are on your side.

Do not be greatly troubled. To say the service well must cost you a good deal.

I am so glad you have got to care for ——. There is only one other man I think in your generation who has been to me what you two have been.

God bless you, dear friend, now, and at Christmas, and for ever. With all love and hope,

Yours in Him,

V. S. S. C.

V. S. S. Coles in 1870.

V. S. S. Coles in 1887.

4. *To the same*

March 29, 1901.

I do not think there is any 'ought' about making notes of meditations, and there might be a danger of getting away from simple intercourse with our Lord into an intellectual interest. I rather think the best thing is to have a note-book in which you put the subject of your meditation and feel quite free about writing down. I find the notes I make now and then bear sermon fruit, and are also useful for giving matter for meditation when I am feeling stupid.

I also use the third person myself, and so do most whom I hear ; the other is done by some very good people.

Keeping attention at services is a discipline, and you may profit in humility by finding it hard. Helps are (for attention in church)—

1. Preparation. Getting away from creatures before you begin.

2. Intentions.

3. Using the book carefully.

At Easter there is the duty of not being so constrained as in Lent. Of course the ideal is to be at home in the heavenly regions, and at Easter we are let loose to try. We always fail, but we must hope to fail less each time.

> And though my body may not,
> My spirit seeks Thee, fain
> Till flesh and earth return me
> To earth and flesh again.

That is out of Bernard of Morlaix on the Heavenly City.

By degrees you will come to the unruffled sense of the nearness of God. It is most necessary to be very careful not to care much for eating at Easter. But you must not be surprised that you cannot enter fully into the Alleluias. As we get on we learn that Good Friday and Easter are two sides of the same thing.

5. *To the same, now a missionary in India*

July 12, 1909.

YOUR welcome letter finds me resting in bed at my sister's cottage with an attack of gout in the hand gradually passing away. I cannot tell you how it cheers me up to find you writing so happily.

I feel quite sure that you are doing right about ——.[1] To give him up would be to give up a work that God has most specially bestowed upon you. Of course constant watchfulness is needed. But, if I may say so, loftiness of aim is needed even more than watchfulness. You have to concentrate yourself in prayer on the thought of —— as he is in the sight of God, and not be satisfied till you can feel that your whole being is absorbed in the desire that the will of God may be done in him. *Non mihi*,

[1] A Hindu lad.

Domine, sed Tibi : non mihi, Domine, sed servo Tuo.

As to his present condition, I should suppose that you have to be sure that if he really cultivates the theism which has been given him, he will feel the attraction of our Lord, and of the Threefold Love of God. Your attitude to him must be, ' I am most thankful that you know God. I long that you may know Him as the Father of the divine Jesus, and the Eternal, Threefold Love. When He sees fit, He will give you the interest in Jesus, which you will know that you cannot rightly put away, and if it is not put away, it will grow, till it takes possession of you.'

I should like to have a photograph of ——, if I could, and also of ——. It is more easy to pray for them if one can form some picture of them.

You say that I have not written about Eternal Punishment. I hold by Dean Church's way of putting it in his sermon of ' Sin and Judgement '[1] (which you can get for 1*d.* from the S.P.C.K.). He has three points: (1) The Gospels give you the doctrine as Dr. Pusey (not that he names him) stated it ; (2) There are indications in the New Testament of something else only partly revealed which would tend to modify (1) ; (3) We have very specially in this matter to remember our own ignorance—how little we know.

[1] *Human Life and its Conditions*, Sermon iv.

There are other things which help one about it. There does not seem to be any reason why one should not hope for a mitigation of the pains of the lost. S. Catherine of Genoa, from whom Newman took his ideas of Purgatory in *Gerontius*, has also some thoughts about hell. She is sure that the lost souls are not wholly out of relation to God, and are the better for that relation. You know probably that Baron von Hügel has lately published a bulky book about S. Catherine under the title of *The Mystical Element in Religion*.

Perhaps you also know about the late Professor Mivart's article on 'Happiness in Hell.' His line was that if we realized what the joy of heaven will be, we should see that a state which on earth might well be called happiness would be misery in the future life, by comparison with heaven. His opinion was condemned at Rome, but with some acknowledgement of its being well-intentioned. It was on other grounds that he was eventually excommunicated. I expect something in the line of his teaching may be found to be true.

About Modernism. I think there is a side of it which we have to oppose, and I seem to know what that side is. But there is, I feel almost sure, another side, which has good in it, and that side I do not sufficiently understand. The wrong side seems to be the substitution of what is good in moral results for what is true in fact. It is easy to see how people like Loisy

were led into it. They are scholars, and they know how impressive the learning is for which the name of Harnack is a convenient symbol. They say: 'It is impossible to be waiting for the last word from Berlin, as to what we are to hold and teach. So, we will distinguish between the Christ of faith and the Christ of history. We will go on acting as if the Creed were true in fact, but we will be satisfied with the pictures and conceptions which it gives us, and will not quarrel with Harnack if he says the things did not occur.' I suppose we join issue with them as to the possibility of severing the Christ of faith from the Christ of history. For us the Christ of faith is the Christ of history. The divine gift of faith assures us not only that we may rely on Him but that He lives and has done what the Creed declares.

Does it not strike you that it is easier for a Roman Catholic to fall into the position I have described than for an Anglican, because there had been a great tendency to substitute effectiveness for truth in the Roman Church? When I have deprecated the adoption by some of my friends of the Fourteen Stations of the Cross, as being quite a different reading of what took place from that of the Gospels, I have been told that it is just the stations which I object to as untrue in fact, that do good. If we are to cherish things which are probably untrue because they do good, we are well prepared for the view that so long as we are edified and

helped by the Creeds and Gospels, it does not greatly matter whether they are true or not.

All this falls in with another movement now strong in Oxford, which is called Pragmatism, and of which Schiller of Corpus Christi College is the prophet. He will tell you that moral usefulness is the test of truth.

It seems to me that even this quite wrong side of Modernism has an element with which we can sympathize, when it is held by people outside the Church, because it may be a step towards the Faith. In Mrs. Humphrey Ward's book, *Fenwick's Career*, there is a picture of an agnostic lady who finds great spiritual benefit from a daily Mass. You might be glad of this, because you hope it will lead her on, but you would feel sure that in the case of a priest, it would be an impossible position ; you would not want to be responsible for the lady's communions.

As to the side of Modernism with which one might perhaps really sympathize, it is necessary to grasp the Encyclical *Pascendi*, which as yet I have not done. But I gather that Pius X is not content with saying, 'You must be sure of the facts,' but that he adds, 'You must be sure of them for the reasons which I point out to you. It is not enough to get the right answer to the sum ; you must work it out as I tell you.' I fancy we shall find ourselves in sympathy with the Modernists who say that they cannot work

out the sum on the approved plan, though they get the right answer.

On the whole, as far as I know, we are in the presence of four ways of dealing with Christianity—roughly put :

1. *The Harnack way.* You trust to the critical method, and this makes all miracles and mysterious doctrines so doubtful that you are driven back upon the love of God and man simply.

2. *The Modernist way.* You agree to the Harnack plan—only you say that it does not matter that criticism has disproved the Christian facts. They are quite as useful when you make-believe as when you believe.

3. *The Papal way.* You dispute the critical method altogether, and produce a certified, guaranteed method of proving the whole Christian religion. Authority tells you not only that the doctrines are true, but that the approved proofs are true and adequate.

4. *The Anglican way.* You complain of Harnack that he does not include in the data from which he argues the presuppositions of faith. These are sufficient to make you sure of the central Christian truth, and of what is bound up with it. You do not wait, as Harnack would have you wait, for a scientific, positive demonstration, but are content to say that Harnack has not produced a negative demonstration, and you claim to hold not merely the usefulness but the actuality of the Christian doctrines by

the mystic consciousness of that unique kind of faith which centres in the God-man.

This was what I tried to say at Cuddesdon.

The difficulty about the European mode of living is very great, but it is not new. One great question is whether the Eastern nations, as they learn from the West to become progressive, will alter their mode of living. Some people seem to think that this will be the case, and that the future experience will be like that of clergy in English country villages. Forty years ago there was almost as much difference between the way of living in the country vicarages and the labourers' cottages as there is between the British and the natives in India. But now the standard of labourers' living has changed, and if a parson lives as they do at Mirfield (not to say Cowley) he is not far above the sober labourer. Do you think anything of the kind will come in India ?

Meanwhile, I suppose it would be contrary to experience, humility, and prudence for communities to try to live like the natives, but one would expect that men might here and there be specially called to do so. I should suppose it would be easy to say to the natives, 'Our Western beef-eating is the means by which we have done our Western work. It has needed checks, and the Catholic Church has checked it by abstinences and vegetarian orders. But we cannot, as a race, change ourselves entirely, and time will show whether, while we come towards you, you will not also come towards us.'

I thought you knew that I am giving up the Pusey House. I always meant to do so at sixty-five, that is next year, and my illnesses have made me wish to do it sooner.

I shall depart either at Christmas or some time next year. Then I shall have a time of lying fallow, and perhaps eventually settle in Oxford or London.

6. *To the same*

August 30, 1909.

I AM quite sure you may cherish your friendship for ——. Only you must constantly seek to carry it to a high level.

I greatly wished to visit India, but a doctor I met in South Africa, who knows India, told me that my gouty eczema would become much worse if I went there, and I got —— to consult Calcutta doctors, who entirely agreed. So India is not for me in this life.

7. *To the same*

SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP.

December 29, 1910.

I AM greatly to blame for not having written before, and for missing the last mail after your special letter. Believe me that it is not for want of loving interest in all that concerns you.

Let me say what I can about the general subject of Poverty for Missionaries.

I do not think it is possible that the desire for it should not arise in the minds of those who are really trying to face the Indian problem. Father O'Neill felt it, and my impression is that his death was accelerated by his asceticism. No doubt —— has greatly impressed many people in England, and I rather fancy from what Cyril Bickersteth told me that the Delhi Mission is affected by the feeling. At the same time, as you probably know, one of the great anxieties of the Home Committee of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta has been that a few years ago it was supposed that the diet was not good enough. Great exhortations were addressed to the Superior, and we have been congratulating ourselves on the improvement.

I suppose the same kind of feeling arises in the minds of English people at home. I ask myself why I do not live as Father Benson has lived for so many years. I reply to myself that it is because, if I attempted to do so, I should be miserable and ineffective. Being what I am, I cannot do my best in the way of teaching, preaching, writing, ministering, and speaking unless I have plenty of good food. I am quite aware that all these activities are helped by an occasional fast, but for the fast I need leisure : I cannot do both at once. (I may add that I have been inclined to think that my eczema and other infirmities, if rightly managed, discharge some of the functions of fasting.)

I remind myself that while our Lord asked

entire poverty of the young ruler, He did not lay the same demand upon Zacchaeus, who was blessed upon an act of sacrifice far short of that which was asked of the young ruler.

I suppose that the difference between different vocations depends largely on the capacity for effectiveness in different cases. Effectiveness may be said, I think, on the whole to depend on joy. The exhortations to rejoice and the assumption that μακαριότης is identical with holiness, seem to show that joy is the test of vocation. You ask yourself about Holy Orders, about missions, about celibacy, 'Have I a reasonable expectation that I shall be happy in it?' So, my own comfortable life, and such lives of better men than I am, are justified by the plea that we are not such men that we could be happy and effective in a life more conformed to the life of our Lord. We minister to monks, nuns, and some others who seem to be called to what we are not called to.

So far, it might be that you, like ——, are called to a life of poverty. But you must, I think, test yourself strictly as to whether it would add to your effectiveness, and you must remember that effectiveness largely depends upon happiness. You have to ask yourself, 'Have I reason to believe that, if I lived as —— does, I should be happy?'

But then there is another question to be brought in. What do we mean by being poor? Do we mean a life conformed to that of slaves

whose condition is to be deprecated, and amended if possible ? Gore always used to say that it was a good thing to try and aim at living as you would wish an artisan to live, and that is pretty much what they do at Mirfield. Of course the main body of English poor do not rise to this standard, and no doubt there are many cases in which a good Christian ought to be content to live, not as you would wish working people to live, but as they do in fact live.

But I expect this is exceptional. I think our ordinary aim should be to live as we should wish a working man to live.

When you come to apply this to India, you have to take another point into consideration. Many people say that if the East is to compete with the West in industrial and military energy, the East will have to live more like the West. They tell you that, during the War, the Japanese found that they had to give up their rice diet and eat meat, and that Indian customs will have to be changed likewise.

Then, as to your own special case, I think you have to consider that, whatever special call and work there may be for men like ——, it is highly probable, to say the least, that there is also a call and a work for your own society. If your call to it was genuine, you owe it a certain duty. It may well be that your own drawings to poverty are a part of the divine dealing with the community, and they may be the con-

tribution you have to make to the common action. Of course I can see that when you are considering the question of becoming a full member of the brotherhood, you may well pause at a step which seems to take you further away from poverty.

I have sometimes wondered whether the brethren will not be led to complete, as it seems, their religious character by the abandonment of private property, and if they include members who feel themselves called to poverty this step may be hastened.

I fear what I have written is far from definite. Perhaps I can get it into a few heads :

1. Poverty, in the sense of having nothing of one's own, is a vocation to which our Lord calls certain of His children.

2. It does not seem, however, that after His great fast the life of our Lord was marked by extreme asceticism. The disciples who lived with Him were distinguished from those of the Baptist by not fasting.

3. As to poverty itself—while one whose case was specialized by the love our Lord had for him, and by his own aim at perfection—what lack I yet ?—was called to a poverty like that of S. Francis, a man might be a true convert, and bear a true witness by self-denial, without being called to absolute poverty.

4. When an English Christian in India is inclined to say to himself that he ought to live as Indians live, he must consider :

(i) Whether being what he is by heredity, this is possible. It may mean death.

(ii) Whether, the question is affected by the probability that Eastern customs will change.

(iii) Whether Eastern asceticism is not so tainted by dualism as to make it necessary to get free from it before the true asceticism can come in.

5. Supposing a member of a community is called to ascetic poverty, it may quite possibly be his duty to leaven the community he is in.

I am afraid these points do not help much, but if you will comment on them, I hope I will reply at once.

8. *To the same*

May 26, 1911.

I FEAR I have let one if not two mails go without a reply to yours about abuse of marriage.

It is never lawful to take any measures to hinder conception.

What underlies all these matters is the truth that sex has two divine purposes, (1) parentage, (2) sacrifice. No Christian can be sure of being able to escape the second.

I hope this meets what you want.

I am better—able to do a good deal—but have to rest often between bits of work.

I delight to think of you persevering, and I trust seeing the light of joy behind many clouds.

9. *To the same*

Selwyn College,
Cambridge.

September 23, 1911.

I am writing on the last morning of the week of our Society of the Resurrection retreat, before going to speak with Strong at an Oxford Mission to Calcutta Social Gathering at Kennington this evening. I am delighted and thankful to hear that you will be professed at Epiphany. You have persevered through a time not free from difficulty, and nothing will surprise you in the future.

You ask about me. Thank God I am ever so much better than I was when I left Oxford. I need long rest by night, and frequent rests from work, but with that I can get through a fair amount. I am now Warden of the Community of the Epiphany at Truro, and I spent most of July there, while the sub-warden had his holiday. I take a good many retreats and quiet days, and am able to help various people. I ought to be very thankful for such a happy life.

As to eschatology in the Gospels, I do not think the difficulties are greater than some others to those who are quite certain about the possession of omniscience by our Lord, however much He may have willed to put away (why say 'abandon' which might mean, 'so put away as not to be able to recover'?) the use of it.

But it is not only this thought which helps me. Is it not probable that the Second Coming of our Lord depends upon something like the 'number of the elect'? This phrase comes, I think, from one of the Esdras books, but the idea which it suggests, that the divine will has fixed the number of men to be saved, is, I fancy, rather widely held. If this is so, the Advent will be when the right number of human wills have corresponded with the divine offer and grace. The precise time when this will be was not, as our Lord told us, known to 'the Son,' that is, to Him as Man, but it must be known to God. Would not He then speak from the point of view of a knowledge which was not all-containing? and would He not, or might He not, probably assume the most favourable reception of His offers by mankind? If all to whom the Gospel was offered had received it as S. John received it, there would have been a vast number of converts at once, and if they had all handed on the offer, still vaster numbers might have accepted it, so that the number of the elect might have been fulfilled very quickly, and the Second Advent might have been as speedy as many words in the Gospels seem to suggest. If this is so, it is only human rejection of the Gospel which is causing the Second Coming to be so long delayed.

We have been reading Julian of Norwich, her *Revelations of Divine Love*, at meals. You know how she is able to feel sure that 'All is

well' and 'All shall be well,' through operations of the divine goodness which we cannot yet fathom.

I still cling to the three points of Church's sermon :[1]

(1) The orthodox view is taught in the Gospels.

(2) There are indications of something else, not yet fully revealed and harmonized with revelation.

(3) We do not know enough to clear things up.

I could work with a vicar who pressed (2) more strongly than I should wish to do, but not with a man who wanted to forget (1).

I don't know that I can write more now. I thank God for you, and I long to see you. May He accept your sacrifice and give you joy.

10. *To the same*

SEATON,
DEVON.

October 27, 1914.

I MUST write a short line, but I shall not destroy yours, hoping to write better when I have more time.

I do not agree that there is no more glory in war than in the cholera. There is great glory in the heroism of rulers, doctors, priests,

[1] See p. 123.

nurses, and Christian patients in the cholera, and somehow that same glory goes with war. Unless it were wrong, you cannot but greatly admire the lads who are dying for England, and the mothers who are sending them. Their bands and banners express and increase the feeling of energy which, if it comes from a good motive, is really a fine thing.

As to the point at which attraction to others becomes an occasion of sin, one can only say certain things which have to be kept in mind ; you cannot quite make a general statement.

1. To check the impulse in a way that does not lessen usefulness is certainly good.

2. Sacrifice is better than mere resistance ; that is, to think of our Lord, Whom we seek, is far better than thinking of sin which we avoid.

3. Prayer for the person, prayer simply for a blessing, is better than prayer against temptation.

4. The pain of temptation, when there is no consent, can be united with the Cross as truly as the pain of a scourge.

5. Real joy is the atmosphere in which the flesh is least dangerous. The drooping spirit incites base consolations. You must not be too anxious to be free from temptation, because victory may glorify God.

11. *To the same*

Shepton Beauchamp.

December 2, 1920.

I know you have to pay the price of a loving nature and a faithful conscience, but you have also, I feel sure, the experience of divine grace, and we shall find that if we persevere that will conquer at last. I suppose it is true that if any one is singled out by the devil to be a danger to us, we ought at least to retaliate by such prayers as may for certain help him. Perhaps I may live to be told that a blessed conversion has been the end of the story that still gives you anxiety. All that I deeply feel, but I do not so entirely acquiesce in your being troubled by Rashdall, nor do I feel at all sure that I ought to read his book in the hope of being able to say something to comfort you. I have seen a review of it, and I think it is what I should expect, a very clever attack on one part of the Faith, which would not be so tiresome as it is if the writer had realized that the whole Catholic position must be faced together. I feel inclined to say to learned Modernists exactly what has been said by Catholics long ago to Protestants, 'If you go to the Bible without the key, you will never unlock its treasures.' I find people who are quite surprised to be reminded that there were Christians before the New Testament was written, and devout Hebrews before the Old Testament.

If one has the gift of faith in our Lord and goes to the Bible with it, the inspired words and conceptions will fit in round it, but if one deals with the books and parts of books like a stranger, one will find them strange. I should feel sure that the Cross has been the centre of their religion to all believers since the day of Pentecost, and that if you go to the Gospels with that recollection, you will find that they contain the secret of the value of suffering hardly less than the Epistles.

No doubt the Lutheran doctrine of total ruin and the Protestant fear of daring to fill up what is lacking of the sufferings of Christ lay us open to attacks. But if S. Paul can rejoice in what his pains do for his people, surely we are prepared to find that man's greatest need is met by those sufferings of our Lord which seemed incredible to the disciples when He foretold them, and which only find their purpose in meeting the great problem of evil and guilt.

The ἵνα τί of the fourth word on the Cross[1] is surely answered by the ἔπρεπεν of the Epistle to the Hebrews.[2] 'The forsaking was the deepest pang that was endured by Him Who led His people to salvation.'

Tell me if you think I ought to read the book. I feel as if I should be certain to find that I have no answer to it but that with the gift of faith all things fall into their place.

[1] S. Matt. xxvii. 46. [2] ii. 10.

V. S. S. Coles about 1898.
(Gillman.)

12. *To the same*

Shepton Beauchamp.
February 28, 1921.

I cannot but wish to write to you at once on receiving your letter of January 1st.

Surely the whole point of the decisions of the Council of Ephesus is that our Blessed Lord has no human Personality.

If the decision of a council accepted by the whole Church is not binding, where are we? Perhaps I may venture to add the way in which I always try to teach the Incarnation. When I came into the world God took a body for me from my parents and put into it a human soul. The conjunction of this body and soul produced a new person.

When our Lord came into the world as man, God took a body for Him from Mary, and put into it a human soul.

But, in His case only, the conjunction did not bring into existence a new person, because the Person of the Eternal Son, the Second Person in the Trinity, made the body and the soul His own in the first moment of their existence, so that there was no new person, though there were a new body and a new soul.

If I draw a circle, it must have a centre, and if I draw a second circle in no relation to the first, it must have a new centre ; but if I draw the second circle at the same distance from the

first in all its parts, there is no new centre, though there is a new circle.

Do not the circles represent the natures and the centre the personality ?

13. *To a Friend on Ordination to the Diaconate*

SEATON,
DEVON.

Eve of S. Matthew, 1910.

I THINK your choice of a curacy may perhaps be meant to be useful to you in making your position and aims clear to your own mind, and so I shall not hesitate to ask you to let me write fully about it.

Every man who is ordained with us must be clear on three points of doctrine, and must, in most cases, *consider* a fourth.

He must know why he is a Christian, a Catholic, and an Anglican, and, if the question has come before him, as it certainly has come before you, he must know what is his conscientious relation to the Catholic Revival in the Anglican Communion.

I think you can tell yourself before God what you believe He has led you to on the three first points, but I am not quite so sure about the fourth. I ought to add that I do not think every deacon need have made up his mind finally on this point. I underline 'consider.' But I think that a man who is hoping to give

himself to the U.M.C.A. has special reason to consider.

I believe Froude is right when he says,[1] 'It is historically certain that Elizabeth and her ministers intentionally framed the Church formulas so as to enable every one to use them who would disclaim allegiance to the Pope.' Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer wished to change very much besides allegiance to the Pope; they were, broadly speaking, at one with the foreign Protestant Reformers; they wished to change the whole aspect of worship in England. But, from whatever motive—and I think we may give them credit for a charitable desire to comprehend—they wished to make room in the Church of England for those who did not wish to change their habits of worship or their use of Sacraments, though they were willing to give up the Pope.

I would suppose the framers of the Articles hoped that the openings which they intentionally made for these people would not be much remembered when a few generations had passed, and that the general Protestant sound of the Articles would prevail over the actual facts of their composition. They did not at all expect that the small number of adherents of the 'Old Learning,' whom they wished to include, would have representatives in the Church of England for more than two centuries, and that at the end of three hundred years there would be a great

[1] *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, iv. 306 (1893).

movement of reaction and revival. That, as we know, has taken place.

Newman's *Tract XC* revived the interpretation of the Articles which had been made possible for the sake of including men like Bernard Gilpin, and, at this moment, the Revival has gained a large proportion of our clergy, and influenced a still larger portion of clergy and laity. The teaching in the churches which really belong to the Movement may be said to stand in a relation to Roman Catholic teaching not much less close than that of the Reformers to Calvin and Luther. Only, there are two great differences : (1) No consistent Anglican can accept the papal view of the Church, and this carries with it more than many of our friends are inclined to admit ; and (2) many points on which our teaching does not materially differ from the Roman are only matters of opinion, open questions, with us, though they are *de fide* with the Romans. Individuals amongst us may be so sure of the objective character of the Real Presence that they would feel it impossible to acquiesce in teaching or practice which denied it, but such persons cannot call those who differ from them heretics.

You have been brought up in touch with those who have entirely accepted the Revival, and probably also with those who have been largely influenced by it, though they have not wholly accepted it.

You have also been brought into touch with

another set of people, whose existence has given new thoughts to many of us. I mean, of course, those whom I may call 'Baslow[1] Protestants.' The new feature in their teaching is that, while they have not accepted our view of the Sacraments, they are quite content to work with us, while we hold and teach it. They do not consider us idolaters, and—remembering what I have already said about the secondary character of some of our most advanced convictions—we need not consider them heretics. During the time since you matriculated, the co-operation between these Baslow Protestants and the supporters of the Revival in Oxford has increased, and we have all been influenced by it. We have all come to feel that union in the doctrine of the Incarnation is very real, even though union in the results of that doctrine is incomplete.

For myself, I feel that my sympathies and power of co-operation have been widened, though I still hold the sacramental doctrines as strongly as ever. It has seemed to me that you have felt the influence of the new state of things strongly, and I do not quite know whether you find yourself entirely in my position. Of course you know well that what I desire is not to manipulate you, but to help you to see how God is leading down from moment to moment.

Now comes in the U.M.C.A. It has been

[1] Here conferences were held of a similar character to the conferences at Keswick.

more or less in touch with the Catholic Revival from its start. In a rather sad mood of reflection on the increase of unbelief in Oxford, Dr. Liddon spoke of the U.M.C.A. as a possible refuge for those who might be unable to continue their ministry in England. Bishop Smythies was a whole-hearted son of the Revival. Bishop Weston is the same, and, being supported by a body of priests who are mostly of the same mind, and having been relieved of at least one or two influences which formerly went the other way, he is organizing the work on his own principles. I heard the other day that he wishes all the priests to celebrate every day, that is, I presume, that they are not to limit their separate Celebrations by the needs of communicants. I think last Easter the old ceremonies of Holy Week were used in the cathedral. I feel myself that I should be able to work quite happily under the Bishop, though perhaps any influence he might give me would be rather in the conservative direction.

Without assuming what your relation will be to the Bishop, I feel that it would be good for you to be familiar with the system of some church which is thoroughly in the Revival, and yet has not gone beyond the point which the great majority of English bishops tolerate, and many of them entirely approve — a church which has as many Eucharists as there is reason to hope will be used for Communion ; where Confession is thoroughly recognized and openly

offered, but where a good person who has not used it does not feel at a loss ; where the adoration of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is an incident of the use of the Eucharist primarily for Communion. It does not seem to me that you need any experience of the best Evangelical methods : I think you know pretty well what they are.

14. *To a Deacon about visiting*

SEATON,
DEVON.
August 25, 1903.

—— tells me that he has been to see you, and that you are depressed by the difficulties of visiting, because the people do not make you welcome. It moves me very much to think of your having to bear this cross. God has given you the power of making many happy by your presence, and after all the pleasantness of Oxford friendship I know how painful the chill must be of a reception so very different from what you have been used to. But really it means that God has given you a better gift than that natural lovableness which has made you so many friends : He has given you the high gift of representing, even as a deacon, in a manner, His own Son. And, if you are to be like Him, you must be despised and rejected of men, they must hide their faces from you.

It is nothing less than this. You are on the

side of all that is self-denying, faithful, God-seeking, pure, true. In the homes to which you go there are many who are none of these things, and who do not like to be reminded of them. There are others who, because they are aiming at what you represent, and half despairing of ever gaining it, are shy and awkward and silent, or stumbling in speech. What you have to feel is that you are sent by the Good Physician into a moral hospital. Under the unattractive aspect of these people, diseased by sin, there are beautiful things waiting to be found. And if you are patient, you will find them, in their time. Only, you must not lose your joy and hope. God is enough for you : our Lord will show Himself to you.

Forgive me if I have said too much, but it is what I feel, and I long to be allowed to give you even the smallest bit of comfort.

15. *To a Deacon whose Vicar is unattractive*

SEATON,
DEVON.
September 9, 1912.

I AM much looking forward to meeting you at Leeds. I will tell —— that I must belong to you after the Mass at 11, as I have to leave Leeds at 2.55.

I cannot tell you how much it moves me to know that you are willing to let me share the burden of this great difficulty. But the more

I feel that I can understand it and share it, the more I know that I must not shrink from what it asks of us. We are aiming at the Life of Sacrifice, for sacrifice is the only alternative to marriage and natural fatherhood as to our use of the affections which God has given us. If those affections are to be really 'ordinate' we must be aiming at what only the grace of God can do for us. We know well that sacrifice means the checking of affection in directions, or at the very least in extent and manner in the directions, to which it would easily turn ; about that we have no doubt ; it is also surely required of us that we should learn to turn it in the directions indicated by the will, the providence, and the call of God.

Supposing you were married, or had a constant correspondent to whom you were hoping to be married, you would, I expect, be able to take very lightly the trouble which you describe in your letter, and the weight of which, as things are, I know so well. You would write with amusement about what you now feel to be desolating. You would be told in reply how to behave so as to please and console, and it would not be hard to do it.

If I am right in taking this view, we see at once what it means. We cannot doubt that the love of our Lord is far more powerful than the earthly love which we surrender for it ; we know, in a manner, even if we hardly dare say so to each other, you and I, that there is all we

want in what we have tasted, if only we can be led on to enjoy it fully.

And, when we come to our difficulty, *in Christo*, *cum Christo*, *per Christum*, *propter Christum*, *ad Christum*, we find that He tells us to help and console and bless for His sake.

We cannot be neutral. We must carry the war into Satan's camp by aggressive acts of love. It may well be that —— is the one soul in the parish to which you have the most exacting duty. Indeed it almost must be so, for —— has a duty to all the others, such as he cannot fully discharge towards himself. That is the line of relief. Not 'How shall I get to like him?' but 'How can I do my duty in helping him?' For certain you must pray earnestly (not so much that you may not dislike him; the aim is to forget that, but) that you may help his soul for the glory of God. You would not avoid a cancer patient in your district, though to minister with all the senses in suffering would need much prayer.

I do not say that you may not be wise in moving at the end of your two years, but we ought to hope that you will have got things right before you go.

Does it help you at all to know that when I write these hard things and think of what you represent to me, in those who belong to you as well as in yourself, it is quite an unusual sense of desire to help, and of love that I desire to offer to our Lord, that comes to me?

May it be possible for us to help one another, and as I could quite well seek your help for the needs of my own poor soul, so may I really be, far as it seems beyond me,

Yours *in our Lord.*

V. S. S. C.

16. *To a Priest*

Pusey House,
Oxford.

February 10, 1909.

No doubt, you have a difficult job at S. John's, but I should be slow to remove anything that has been dear to the congregation. I expect it is much more the foolish way in which things have been done than anything wrong in the things themselves.

As to the devotion to the Sacred Heart, I should feel that I desired to put it in right proportion to other truth rather than to abolish it. Of course, it would be quite wrong to treat the Sacred Heart as an object of devotion apart from the Person of our Lord. But, on the other hand, all that belongs to the Sacred Manhood stands in relation to the Divine Person, and when our attention is legitimately drawn to the Sacred Heart there is the same fitness, or even claim, for the adoration of the Divine Person as there is when the Sacred Body is brought before us in the Holy Sacrament.

In both cases the adoration is offered to the Person, Who is Omnipresent. But it is quickened and emphasized in both cases by the presence of, or mental reference to, the Sacred Manhood, which is not Omnipresent. I believe that the devotion to the Sacred Heart has been used by some of the French clergy as a balance to the excessive devotion to the Blessed Virgin. I should like you to see an essay about it by the late William Churton, which I send you.

17. *To a Friend*

Missionary College,
Dorchester, Wallingford.
July 8, 1915.

The way I find myself speaking of the Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is like this:

Our Lord is present everywhere because He is God, and God is present everywhere.

But He is not present everywhere in His Manhood. His Manhood can be present wherever He wills, and we know that He wills it to be in the Blessed Sacrament. The Presence of His Manhood makes a demand on us for special adoration of His divine Person. It is as if a father spends the whole day with his boy, but during one hour takes special notice of the boy. During that hour the father is not more present, but he is present in a way that makes the boy respond.

The worship of our Lord present in the Blessed Sacrament has become general in the Western Church on account of the denials of His Presence. When men said that He was not there in His true Manhood, Catholics felt constrained to show that they believed Him to be there.

The Eastern Church has never had any rites of adoration of our Lord in the Reserved Sacrament, though all Easterns would agree that worship is due to Him.

18. *To a Friend*

SEATON,
DEVON.
January 18, 1910.

I DO not think any one who holds, as we do, that the Roman Catholic Communion is part—and the largest part on earth—of the one Catholic Church of Christ, can doubt for a moment that salvation can be obtained in the Roman Communion as readily and regularly as with ourselves. Some of our friends would draw a great distinction between the Roman Church in England and abroad, and would say that in England Roman Catholics are schismatic, and in sin, when they are responsible.

Certainly Dr. Pusey did not hold this, and it seems to me to be beset with insuperable difficulties. For instance, what is to be said about Canada, where the French Roman Catho-

lic bishops were in possession before our sees were set up? I believe our position is that through all the events of the sixteenth century we find ourselves in a position in which we claim to have primitive Catholicity, and to witness before Christendom for the possibility of this claim, without daring to say that God does not bless those who have continued to submit to the Pope.

19. *To a Priest named Stephen*

SEATON,
DEVON.

January 15, 1917.

THANK you for your letter, and all the kind things you say in it. It gives me again the sense I had before, that sometimes one may be allowed to be of use where one has feared that one has missed an opportunity. I often felt that I had seen little of you in those days. I am so very glad that I met you the other day, and gained so full a conviction of your being in the right place. I hope I may have a place in your prayers. One day I put down the seven things that brought S. Stephen to have the 'face of an angel':

(1) Faith. (2) The Holy Spirit. (3) The Diaconate (so any office). (4) Success. (5) Opposition. (6) Slander. (7) Violence. Four beautiful gifts, and three hard trials. I pray that

for you the gifts may carry you untouched through all trials. With love and hope from my heart.

20. *To a Lady*

Shepton Beauchamp.

July 26, 1878.

Take the holy water by all means, remembering that . . . it simply is an engine of intercession. . . . A genuflection . . . is the obvious way of showing what you believe.

PAPERS

I

RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS OF THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL[1]

I WAS either eighteen or nineteen when, on the nomination of Mr. Gueritz, then recently become Vicar of Colyton, I joined the English Church Union. I am now sixty-eight. I had felt myself a young and humble member of the fellowship of Catholic Revival some few years before I became a member of our Society : I had seen a chasuble for the first time on my first morning in Oxford in 1861, in the Church of S. Thomas the Martyr, when I had come up to try for a scholarship ; I had wistfully departed with those who were not going to communicate from Sherborne Minster at the great service of its reopening in 1858, just before my confirmation, after hearing Bishop Walter Hamilton preach on the text, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' I might therefore claim to remember something earlier than the last half-century, though I

[1] A paper read at a meeting of the English Church Union at Exeter in 1913, and elsewhere afterwards.

cannot go back to the stirring times of the Gorham case and the activities of Bishop Phillpotts. Yet even in my infant days I can recollect the work of my lessons being interrupted when my governess had to make copies of alarmed petitions to Parliament about the Papal Aggression.

Of course I did not know at the time that my memory was beginning to have room for stories about ten years after the Church of England had suffered the shock of the secession of John Henry Newman. Things had been tranquil in Oxford during those ten years, but work and hope were alive in Dr. Pusey's house. Dean Stanley is reported to have said at the time that no one could tell what that house might contain, but outside its walls there were only two young men of any ability who were in sympathy with the Tractarians, one was called Benson and the other Liddon. It seems strange that as a Rugby man Dean Stanley should not have come across William Bright ; but if he had happened to hear of a youth at Oriel who combined unfailing attendance at chapel with splendid riding, he would not have guessed that he was destined to wear a mitre in Lincoln Cathedral.

Outside Oxford, however, much was moving. It was at that time that William Bennett confronted a fanatic mob in S. Barnabas', Pimlico, and awed them into silence by a tremendous description of the Last Judgement. It was in the same period that, when he had left London

at the desire of his diocesan, Mr. Bennett began his remarkable work at Frome. No doubt there was a check at head-quarters, but through the country the influence of the clergy who had been at Oxford in some part of the ten years following upon 1833 was beginning to be felt.

There must have been many men in country districts of the same calibre as Mr. John Allen, Master of the Ilminster Grammar School, who had brought from Oxford the early traditions of the Movement. I speak of him with special gratitude because he was the elder friend of my father, himself a Cambridge man, and to his visits we owed as a family a deeper acquaintance with the teaching which my mother had drawn from Keble's *Christian Year*. Though by no means a rich man, Mr. Allen rebuilt the little church of Knowle St. Giles which he held with his mastership, and the reputation which he gained for dangerous opinions lessened the success of his school.

His church building is characteristic of the time. While Newman was preaching and Pusey writing at Oxford, the Camden Society was issuing literature from Cambridge, lighter than the Oxford Tracts, but bringing substantial help to their cause. Their motto was *Donec templa refeceris*,[1] and architecture was the point

[1] Horace, *Carmina*, Lib. iii, c. 6. The Cambridge Camden Society had a double motto: *Quam Dilecta*, as on its seal, and *Donec templa refeceris*. See Towle, *J. M. Neale, A Memoir*, p. 40, and Boyce, *Memorials of the Cambridge Camden Society*, title page.

of departure. Benjamin Webb and John Mason Neale were eminent in its ranks, and the West Country could claim an eminent member of the Cambridge Society in Francis Dickinson of Kingweston, a high Wrangler, a model squire, and a learned antiquarian. He rebuilt his parish church in the most graceful and correct Gothic, but no modern stained glass could satisfy the taste which he had matured from study of the jewelled panes still remaining in the mediaeval churches, such as the almost perfect east window of Langport. He was for a time the colleague of Sir Thomas Acland in the representation of West Somerset ; they both lost their seats as supporters of Sir Robert Peel in the Corn Law controversy, a foreshadow of the coming rift in the traditional alliance between the Tories and High Churchmen.

Perhaps if he had remained in the House of Commons Mr. Dickinson would not have found time to give us his translation of the Sarum Hours.

With him and Mr. Allen as munificent rebuilders of parish churches in the West, goes the memory of James Edwin Lance, Rector of Buckland St. Mary. His name may be found amongst the guests of the Duchess of Richmond, at the celebrated ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. But it is for his glorious church on the east side of the valley that runs from Taunton to the hills behind Honiton that he is chiefly remembered. Splendid offerings

like these inspired all the countryside, and when I was in my 'teens, there was at least one church opening to attend every summer. It was the fashion in those days to lay all the blame for the defacement of the ancient shrines on the Puritans. The desecration of the altars and images by the earlier Protestants of the Reformation was conveniently forgotten, and my earliest impression was that all had been happy and beautiful till the time of Cromwell. As we read in one of the Christian ballads of Bishop Cleveland Coxe, a good American whose warm and devout hymns greatly stirred me as a child:

> Yea, horses have they stabled
> Where the blessed martyrs knelt,
> That neigh where rose the anthem,
> And the psalm that made us melt.

How well I remember the day when a truer view of things as to the Reformation came upon me. I had got leave from school on a saint's day (this was in about 1862) and had rushed to the newly built S. Alban's, Holborn, hoping to find a Choral Celebration at eleven. To my dismay I only found the young priest, or perhaps deacon, Arthur Stanton, saying Matins alone in the nave. 'No,' he said, 'we had it at nine, but Mr. Neale is preaching at S. Mary's, Crown Street.' To S. Mary's I went, and heard the great man.[1] He preached partly about

[1] On another occasion Coles described this sermon in fuller detail. 'His text that day was, "There went a proclamation throughout the host about the going down of the

hymns, and extolled as more beautiful than the mediaeval verses those of one of our own country if not of our own communion, a Roman Catholic priest incarcerated in the Tower 'in the savage persecution under Elizabeth.' Hugh Benson was not born till long after, and the idea of a savage persecution perpetrated by the bright Occidental Star set me on quite a new line of thought, sent me back to the previous martyrdoms of Thomas More and John Fisher, taught me finally that it is not from Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer that we derive our inspiration, but from those whom they desired to include though not to favour, the successors of Bishop Tunstall, and the companions of Father Bernard Gilpin.

Recollections of my early youth lead me to recall the serious change that took place in the character of the Catholic Revival. It started with the thought that the troubles and defects of the nineteenth century were entirely owing to the men who had put King Charles and

sun, saying, Every man to his city, and every man to his own country" (1 *Kings* xxii. 36). Holding up to his eyes a little book in which the sermon was written, he began: "Oh, my brethren, what a glorious host is that," and presently we were thinking of the saints, their home in heaven, and the hymns which they had written in anticipation of that home. He referred to some of the great writers; "but," said he, "more beautiful than all are the words of one of our own country if not of our own communion, a Roman Catholic priest incarcerated in the Tower, in the savage persecution under Elizabeth."'

S. Michael's Church, Shepton Beauchamp, 1926.

Archbishop Laud to death, and the Reformers had been all that we desired to be.[1] It was not only a better reading of the Reformation story, but a genuine appeal to the Fathers of the undivided Church that taught us better. No doubt the trial was very great when each of us for himself found out that the framers of the English Prayer Book would not have been on our side in the controversies of to-day. But perhaps we are able to look back and say that nothing in Church history is more wonderful, in few things do we see more clearly the divine mercy and guidance, than in the fact that what the Protestant leaders of the Reformation devised as a temporary expedient, has become the permanent and ever-increasing source of Catholic Revival.

[1] The Reformation was condemned in Hurrell Froude's *Remains*, edited by Newman and Keble, and published in 1838. The avowed acquiescence of the editors in this verdict first appeared in the Preface to the second part of the *Remains*. Mr. Wilfrid Ward says, 'Dr. Pusey had been left behind by the editors of Froude, who roundly condemned the English reformers.' *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement*, pp. 81, 136; Church, *The Oxford Movement*, p. 39; Ollard, *A Short History of the Oxford Movement*, pp. 56–60.

W. G. Ward was deprived of his degrees by the Convocation of the University of Oxford in 1845 because of certain statements in his book, *The Ideal of a Christian Church:* the first of these statements is 'I know no single movement in the Church, except Arianism in the fourth century, which seems to me so wholly destitute of all claims on our sympathy and regard as the English Reformation.'

If the harshness and unreasoning anger which fell upon the author of *Tract XC* had a great part in carrying him out of the Anglican Communion, we can never be too thankful for his notorious and widely-acknowledged demonstration of the peculiar character of the Thirty-nine Articles. Surely never was a document so cleverly devised to suggest one line of thought, and to admit another. Perhaps nothing I have to say this evening concerns us so much as the vindication of the Catholic interpretation of our subscription to the Articles. That ' sacrifices of masses ' are not the same thing as ' the sacrifice of the Mass ' ; that to say that Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament was not the primary purpose of institution is not to condemn Reservation ; that ' Romish doctrine ' is a phrase carefully chosen to avoid the use of something so near and yet so different as ' Roman Catholic doctrine ' : these and many other truths about the Articles, combining as they do to witness to a common purpose running through them all, owe to the last of the Oxford Tracts their notoriety if not their certainty. A Franciscan friar may have known them in the reign of Charles I, but it was the challenge of Newman that brought the issue clearly before the mind of Englishmen. No one knew Newman better than James Anthony Froude ; no one who had known him well came to differ more strongly from him, unless perhaps it were Mark Pattison ; no one is farther

from being a friend to Catholicism, Anglican or Roman. Let me quote his words once again, and let me invite you, my friends, to remember the words and use them widely, as the best possible witness to the truth of the teaching of Newman's Tract that the Articles were not intended to enforce the propositions which a casual perusal would lead us to draw from them. It is in the fourth volume of his *Short Studies* that Professor Froude in his 'Recollections of the Past' finds himself discussing the state of things which was going on when, after the absence of a year, he returned from Ireland to Oxford just after the publication of *Tract XC.*

'There had been a hurricane,' he says, 'in the interval, and the storm was still raging. Not the University only, but all England, lay and clerical, was agitating itself over *Tract XC.* The Anglican Church had been long ago described as having a Catholic Prayer Book, an Arminian clergy, and Calvinistic Articles. . . . Since the revolution of 1688 Church and clergy had been contented to acquiesce in the common title of Protestant; by consent of high and low the very name of Catholic had been abandoned to the Romanists; and now when a Catholic party had risen again, declaring that they and they only were true Church of England men, the Articles, not unnaturally, had been thrown in their teeth. All the clergy had subscribed the Articles. The Articles certainly on the face of them condemned the doctrines which the revivalists had been putting forward. . . . It was to soothe the consciousness of . . . troubled spirits that *Tract XC* was written As their minds had opened, they had recognized in the

Mass, in purgatory, in the authority of tradition, in infallibility of councils, doctrines which down to the schism had been the ancient faith of Christendom. The Articles seemed distinctly to repudiate them; and if these doctrines were true the body which rejected them could be no authentic branch of the Church Catholic. Newman undertook to remove this difficulty. . . . He argues, in the first place, that the Articles could not have been intended to contradict the Canons of the Council of Trent, as was popularly supposed, because they had been composed several years before those Canons were published or the Council itself completed. Secondly, that they were not directed against Catholic doctrines, but against the popular abuses of those doctrines. . . . Finally, the Articles were legal documents, and were to be interpreted according to the strict meaning of the words. We do not interpret an Act of Parliament by what we know from other sources of the opinions of its framers; we keep to the four corners of the Act itself. Newman said that we had as little occasion to trouble ourselves with the views of individual bishops in the sixteenth century. . . . Public opinion, after taking time to reflect, has pronounced Newman acquitted. It is historically certain that Elizabeth and her ministers intentionally framed the Church formulas so as to enable every one to use them who would disclaim allegiance to the Pope. . . Newman was only claiming a position for himself and his friends which had been purposely left open when the constitution of the Anglican Church was formed.' [1]

As I look back upon what came to my mind more than forty years ago, I can see no change so great as that which threw the blame of what

[1] *Short Studies*, vol. iv, pp. 302–7 (1893).

in the Church around me was unlovely and unheavenly upon the men of the sixteenth instead of those of the seventeenth century. For my own part I was relieved from a special devotion to the Caroline Churchmen about the time when another part of my opinions was drawing me away from a love of Stuarts and Tudors, and it was my good fortune to arrive quite early in my career at the distinctions between Creeds and Articles, Creeds being signs of life and Articles necessities of disease, which Dr. Robert Moberly dealt so well with many years afterwards in his essay on Doctrinal Standards.

While I am claiming your attention for one particular line of thought which is so important to us as children of the Anglo-Catholic Revival, I may be perhaps allowed to mention another similar point, which closely concerns us and is often forgotten, I mean the right interpretation of the Royal Supremacy. Just as the Protestant domination of the Articles is modified by closer examination, and recollection of the facts which lay around their composition, so the nature of the Royal Supremacy must be defined in view of the assurances of Henry VIII which obtained from the English Synods the acceptance of that Supremacy.

The same period of the Revival in which Church Restoration prevailed contains the rise of theological colleges. The first of those which have now become so important in the

Church of England, was founded at Wells during the episcopate of Bishop Law, who had already as Bishop of Chester founded a college for non-graduates at St. Bees. The college at Wells, and the less successful establishment at Chichester which had been founded rather earlier, aimed at giving a more spiritual and dogmatic training than could be supplied at the Universities to those men who had already taken their degree. The anti-Catholic instinct was at once conscious of danger, but Wells did not bear the full stress of attack, which was reserved for Cuddesdon. At Wells the students still live in lodgings, and attendance at the cathedral services gives a tone of moderation to their life. Cuddesdon is far from the cathedral, and gathers its men into collegiate buildings with their own chapel, in which from the beginning Matins and Evensong have been supplemented by Sext and Compline. But what gave Bishop Wilberforce's foundation its distinctive character was the presence in it of one who has a place that is all his own in the Catholic Revival. After two excellent biographies by Canon Johnston and Mr. Russell, those who had the joy of knowing Dr. Liddon still feel that more is needed to make a generation which did not see and hear realize the charm and the power with which he served the cause of Catholicity in the English Church. It was a great work to interpret Dr. Pusey to England. It was enough for any man's life to have filled

S. Paul's with enthusiastic worshippers attracted by an eloquence which, owing, as it did, much to his French sympathies and studies, was nevertheless able to touch the heart of London.

But there was more in Dr. Liddon than the great preacher or the devoted pupil. I remember a day at the beginning of an Oxford term when, turning the bend of the street in Holywell, Liddon met Bright.[1] Oxford is not a place where middle-aged men are often effusive and demonstrative, but as soon as he saw Liddon, Bright's hands were first lifted, then clasped round those of his friend, as he exclaimed, 'The sunshine has returned to Oxford.' Sunshine was the very word. Absolutely, habitually reverent, with a nature so refined by culture and by holiness that he could move at ease without the slightest danger of mishap among all the topics of English and especially University life, keen in work, playful in conversation, liable by reason of a sanguine hope that suffered frequent disappointment, a tender heart that was often wounded, a glowing faith that could not but suffer, to depression and pathetic sadness, he moved through Oxford and his own part of London with a personality that reminded you of no one else, and that no one else could remind you of.

It was the accomplished pen of William Duggan that once gave a portrait of Liddon in

[1] The Rev. William Bright: Fellow of University (1859–68); Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History (1868–1901).

sonnet form. Outside S. Mary's Church he has been describing Newman and Goldwin Smith, and he continues :

I was alone once more. The stars shone bright,
The organ played, lights through the windows gleamed,
The soft sky kissed the spire ; and then it seemed
As though another came, of figure slight
And weak, as if with racking illness worn.
His face (sufficient proof man has a soul)
Irradiate with habitual self-control,
Pity for suffering, care for the forlorn.
His eyes proclaimed the fire that burned within,
He spake, ' God has not left us even here ;
We may redeem the past, if, in His fear,
His will we follow, and repent past sin.
Truth lies within Christ's Church. It was to prove
His character He suffered. God is Love ! '

Duggan's lines always recur as I think of my best of friends, but still better is he described in a phrase of his own: ' A heart of iron to myself, a heart of flesh towards my neighbour, and a heart of fire towards my God.'

He belonged to the West Country. Though he was born in Hampshire, his childhood was spent where a beautiful granite cross marks his mother's grave in the churchyard, at Colyton ; he had no dearer friend than Reginald Porter of Kenn : they are both at rest ; the last of the trio remained till quite lately the venerable Vicar of S. Giles's, Cripplegate—Albert Barff.

Not long before his death he was telling me of his Ordination to a Cornish curacy by Bishop

Phillpotts in Exeter Cathedral. It seems hardly imaginable that the candidates, staying in their own lodgings, did not see the Bishop until the time came for the Ordination, when they met him in the cathedral. But, if he was not emancipated from the hard customs of Georgian times, Henry of Exeter was a real champion of the Catholic cause. It is possible to speculate on what might have happened if he had resisted to the utmost the intrusion of Mr. Gorham, on the authority of the Crown in Council, reversing the judgement of a court which in some sort represented the Archbishop, to the Vicarage of Brampford Speke. But he countenanced Dr. Pusey when the Vice-Chancellor had suspended him from preaching at Oxford, and, if he failed to carry his vindication of the doctrine of Baptism to the full extent, it was the Gorham Judgement that first drew attention to the perversion of the Royal Supremacy from the days of Henry VIII to our own. In Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors* there is a touching picture of the tenderest and most pastoral side of Bishop Phillpotts' life. Lord Chancellor Eldon was in his last illness, and the friend who had so often fought side by side with him in Parliament came to his bedside, and spoke of his soul and its future. The old Earl would not at the moment accept the words of the Bishop, but his biographer gives us the beautiful letter which followed upon the interview, and which was gratefully and happily received.

It was as the friend of Dr. Pusey and the Christian bishop who knew the place of the consecrated life in religion in the Gospels and in the tradition of the Church, that Bishop Phillpotts was the protector of the first Anglican Sisterhood, and of the faithful priest who stood by the side of the young community. The foundation of Lydia Sellon has not become one of the most numerous of our sisterhoods, but it led the way, and the work of Mr. Prynne, helped by its prayers and labours, has extended itself into a constellation in Plymouth and Devonport of some of the most remarkable churches of the Revival.

It is to the period which, amidst discursive reminiscences, I am keeping in view, that the communities of religious women, which have grown so largely, owe their origin. Very small was that origin in some cases, very gradual the growth of the societies. It must have been in about the year 1852 that Mr. Carter of Clewer consulted a friend as to whether it would be wise to begin daily Matins in Clewer Church. 'If I do not,' he said, 'a pious lady in the parish says she must have it in her own house.' It was from that house that the great Community of S. John the Baptist grew up. At Wantage the Sisterhood of S. Mary did not begin its career of increase and development until it had suffered by the loss of its first superior in the train of Henry Edward Manning. The origin of S. Margaret's at East Grinstead was the

work of an isolated, unbeneficed, almost unbefriended priest, hindered by weak health, persecuted and opposed, with the habits of a scholar and the temperament of a poet, called away at the early age of forty-eight, but one who has his own unapproachable place in the history of the Revival—Dr. J. M. Neale. An aspect of the Revival apart from the Oxford Tract writers may be studied in the very interesting volume of his Letters which has been lately published. Separate as he was from the Oxford writers, there seems to have been a link between the great translator and writer of hymns and Dr. Pusey in their common friendship with Bishop Forbes. The part of that holy prelate in the Movement we are considering will perhaps be realized in a few years after some of us are gone, more fully than it can be at present.

Dr. Forbes had felt to the full the distresses and heart-searchings of a time of controversy. He was not one who could lightly deal with great issues. The friend of Pusey and Döllinger, the one Bishop in these islands who through his whole ministry made the full Catholic claim, he felt that the records of his life must be reserved for a day when they could be looked at with a calm retrospect. They remain still sealed up, till the Bishop shall have been at rest for fifty years, that is, I think, about twenty years hence.[1] As it was the privilege of Dr. Pusey to witness to the doctrine of the Real

[1] Dr. Forbes died on Oct. 8, 1875.

Presence, it was the part of Bishop Forbes to uphold as well the Eucharistic Sacrifice. I was still quite young when I found light on that great doctrine in his Defence before his brother bishops in Scotland who had arraigned him on the orthodoxy of his Charge. I remember most clearly his words on the distinction between a Passive and an Active Sacrifice, and the help which the distinction brought me in reconciling the teaching of the Liturgies with the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Like Dr. Pusey, Bishop Forbes hardly touched the revival of Ceremonial. He stands before us as closely linked with Dr. Pusey, and he was for a short time vicar of his famous church of S. Saviour's, Leeds. The loss to Dr. Pusey of Newman is universally recognized. Perhaps the secession of priest after priest from the church he had himself built, though he withheld his name, may have cost him more, and the support of so distinguished a friend as the future Bishop of Brechin must have been a real comfort.

I cannot make a certain statement on the matter, but it is my impression that the election to a Scottish see of so close a friend of Dr. Pusey's, and one who had been connected with S. Saviour's, was due to the influence of Mr. Gladstone.[1]

[1] 'I believe that I suggested his name . . . and if my thus making it known had a share in causing his election, I am very thankful for it'—Mr. Gladstone to his elder brother. Lath-

When I first heard of S. Saviour's it was passing through a time of depression, but recent years have shown that it was not an unfruitful time. The great gift of more than seventy thousand pounds to Dr. Pusey's Memorial came from one who had joined the congregation of S. Saviour's on his conversion from Quakerism, long before the present prosperity of the church had been observed.

I have been led to spend more time than I ought perhaps on that period of recovery from the catastrophe of 1845 which comes before the fifty years which I have proposed to myself, and more or less corresponds to the sixth decade of the nineteenth century.

My fifty years start from 1862, when with the seventh decade of the century, a new phase of the Catholic Revival had begun. I would rather call it the Popular or even the Democratic period than use the name which, however inadequate, has been generally assigned to the second phase of the Movement, and speak of the era of Ritualism. We object to the word because it seems to say that the work of the English Church Union has been concerned with externals, while the Tractarian work was concerned with doctrine. The real contrast is between doctrine taught in sermons and writ-

bury, *Letters on Church and Religion of W. E. Gladstone*, vol. i, p. 412. Mr. Forbes was only just thirty when he was consecrated in 1847; he delivered his first charge on Eucharistic Doctrine in 1857.

ings, and doctrine suggested and enforced by the ceremonial of Catholic Christendom. It was round the use of the surplice that the long struggle began. The surplice had indeed been the symbol of controversy even in Tudor times, and was the only part of the ancient vesture which had then been enforced by the power of Church and State. It was on the question whether the surplice should be used for the morning sermon that riots took place in the city of Exeter, and, as it was reported in my young days, the Vicar of S. Sidwell's was persecuted to death. The contest was not wholly apart from principle.

The rubric directed that the sermon should be followed at least by the Prayer for the Church with Collect and Blessing, and thus appear in its true character as one of the steps which led up to the culminating act of the Eucharist. Custom in parish churches, as distinct from cathedrals, had made the fragment of the Eucharistic Liturgy which was said on most Sundays, end with the Creed ; and the sermon, emphasized by the exchange of the starched linen surplice for the rich silk gown, took the place of the Eucharist as the culminating point of the morning exercise. It was some faint desire to restore the Eucharist that made the High Churchmen of that day contend for the use of the Prayer for the Church after the sermon and preach in the surplice.

But the researches and drawings of Pugin

and of the Cambridge Camden Society began to make our predecessors feel that they might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, and that the Protestant mob could not behave worse in view of a chasuble at the altar than they had behaved when confronted with a surplice in the pulpit. The advice of Dr. Pusey and the disinclination of English gentlemen to clothe themselves gorgeously kept the vestments of the priest back, while the vestments of the altar were being restored. It was not without a lawsuit that the sequence of coloured frontals was maintained at S. Barnabas', Pimlico, and soon spread through the country.

The restoration of the chalice was accomplished almost imperceptibly. At the Reformation the chalices, with their threefold structure of bowl, knob, and foot, adapted as they were to convenient elevation, were almost everywhere destroyed. One from St. Albans Abbey is preserved by Trinity College, Oxford ; I believe another is in the village church of Combe Pyne ; and there are a few others ; but all through the country the deep Elizabethan cups, with a small foot, and without a knob, had become the rule. Pugin gave beautiful designs, and almost without remark the reverent chalice which enshrines the Most Holy in a comely bowl supported by the knob as well as the foot, is found in most of our new churches and in many where the Elizabethan cup has been displaced.

It was at S. George's-in-the-East, in about

the year 1868, that the chasuble was first made the cause of riot. Astonishment took possession of the readers of the daily papers when they found that Mr. Bryan King had appeared in green. I well remember the remark of an excellent person that the colour seemed most unsuitable for a clergyman, associated as it was with the less pronounced costume of the hunting field. Like the surplice before it, the chasuble seemed to arouse the instinctive hatred and anger of the keepers of low publics and their customers, but it was by the S. George's riots that the English public first began to learn that the successors of the Tractarians claimed that their Eucharist was essentially the same act as the Greek Liturgy and the Latin Mass. Violence just stopped short of the intended wreck of the altar at S. George's : the mob gathered after service one morning before the rails, but in the opening stood a young choirman, his arms folded in his surplice, and a face that no one who has seen it can forget, bending on the mob the steadfast glance of eloquent and indignant eyes. No one would be the first to strike him, and the mob melted away before Arthur Henry Stanton.

His name and that of the church where he has been assistant curate for so many years, give us at once the picture of the popular development of the Oxford Movement. No one was less like the normal ritualist than Dean Church, but at the end of his *History of the Oxford Move-*

ment he speaks of the second part of the Revival, following upon the period he has described, as of perhaps even greater interest.[1]

No doubt mistakes were made in matters of detail. It was probably a mistake to clothe the unecclesiastical members of a village choir in surplices, often before they were communicants, and fence them in a dignified separation from the rest of their neighbours. It was certainly a pity that the stringed instruments and the gallery which contained them were driven out and pulled down, often by the very hands of such young enthusiasts as Dean Gregory and Canon Carter ; it was an exaggeration of a right principle when the faithful came to think that no response might be made except on a high and painfully maintained monotone. But in spite of the minor defects there was a wonderful change of view. Worship once again was recognized as the purpose of the sacred building, and the altar was again the centre of worship. Incongruous as their exaltation may have been, the men and boys who were clothed in starched surplices, and later on stuffed into bursting cassocks, came to feel that they had a true part in the offering. Still more excellent has been the result when, carefully chosen, such boys and, far better, such men have come to serve the priest at the Holy Sacrifice. It was about thirty years ago that a Canadian priest was asked whether he found rustic emigrants from Eng-

[1] pp. 351–2.

land caring for their church, and replied, 'Yes, since they have come to be past members of village choirs.'

We are all probably thankful for the restoration of the vestments and the incense, but as I look back on the 'sixties, what strikes me most strongly is that where the true doctrine was held a certain reverence and mystical suggestion of revealed truth was felt even where much yet remained to be done in the way of restoration. All Saints', Margaret Street, in 1862 was almost exactly on the same level of ceremonial as that of the Eucharist at S. Paul's which ended the last Lambeth Conference. There were no eucharistic vestments, no incense ; two lights, the eastward position, the greater reverence, and Merbecke's Communion Service, as presented by Helmore, sung every Sunday by the choir and congregation—these with Mr. Dyce's frescoes, and an unusually beautiful and attractive specimen of Mr. Butterfield's austere and dignified work—these were enough to stir young hearts and give instincts of Catholic conviction that can never be lost.

The old gatherings for the openings of restored churches began to yield to pilgrimages to Dedication Festivals with Solemn Eucharists and sermons from such teachers as Dr. Neale and Mr. Carter. The joy of a chanted Matins was not forgotten when the untold blessing of the daily Sacrifice began to be realized. Less and less was it necessary to seek a confessor by

a long railway journey, and opportunities of retreat were within the reach of lay people as well as of clergy. This last blessing is associated in my mind with the foundation of the Society of S. John the Evangelist. That took place towards the end of my Oxford time, and the retreats for clergy and laymen have gone on ever since in an unbroken stream. I venture to express an earnest hope that the extension of retreats which we hear of at this moment will not mean a change in their character. Nearly fifty years' experience assures me that silence is of the essence of the retreat. A retreat for working men ending in a conference at the close of the day will fill the minds of those who ought to be finding their way in silence to the unseen, with anxieties as to the speech they are preparing on some question of the hour.

It was while we were in a strict retreat at Cowley, if I am not mistaken, that an event took place which had a great influence on the Catholic Revival. Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister. It is not a little remarkable that at the time when the battle of ritualism was popularizing the teaching of Dr. Pusey, the leader of each of the two great political parties was far more a disciple of the Revival than any other member of his Cabinet. We have to be grateful to Lord Salisbury as well as to Mr. Gladstone, but it was from the Liberal Minister that the first appointments of quite a new kind were made to bishoprics.

It was not that Mr. Gladstone invariably appointed men of the Movement. The ultimate results of his choice may vindicate his selection of Frederick Temple for the Diocese of Exeter, but he also nominated Bishop Fraser and Bishop Hervey. What he did was to redress the balance and abolish the evil custom which excluded from the episcopal office men who believed in the divine character of the episcopate. An English bishop is hampered more than any other English Churchman by the Erastian traditions of English lawyers and statesmen, but one of Mr. Gladstone's first appointments was that of Bishop Mackarness, and his brave action in refusing to allow the prosecution of Canon Carter did much to set free his brethren from evil traditions. It is no doubt true that when the bishops as a body were against us, we were driven to be more united than we are now, but it is through bishops of the new type that our principles are leavening the whole Anglican Communion. Contrast the action of Archbishop Tait, who when Bishop of London withdrew the licence of Mr. Alfred Poole for hearing confessions, with the words of Archbishop Temple, that what Confession was before the Reformation, it is since the Reformation, and what it is since the Reformation, it was before the Reformation. The disciplinary use—I admit an important matter—is the only difference.

[I do not like to speak of opposition between

bishops and the clergy of the Revival without a word of reflection as to the cause of so strange and unfortunate a collision. It was an early Tractarian saying that a bishop's lightest word is heavy, and the conviction which underlay it was based on the commission of our Lord to His Apostles, interpreted by such witness as that of the Epistles of S. Ignatius, whose motto was 'nothing without the bishop.' It is in the matter of revived ceremonial that it has seemed necessary to refuse an obedience, which is ordinarily a foremost part of our Catholic duty. We clergy have promised solemnly at our ordination to obey the godly monitions of our ordinary. We cannot without grave sin disobey any monition of our bishop, unless we can declare it to be an ungodly monition.

That certain monitions of bishops have been manifestly ungodly there can be no doubt. For they have been issued not, as by the successors of the Apostles, using their spiritual powers, but, as by agents of the State, enforcing the intrusive and ungodly jurisdiction claimed by the Crown.

When vestments were first restored, the bishops did not venture to forbid the use of them. Two of the earliest restorations were at Harlow and at Oxford. Harlow belonged to Bishop Wigram of Rochester, and when he expressed a desire that the vestments should not be used, the Vicar, Mr. Miller, said that if the bishop would give him a formal monition that

he could post on the door of the church, he would obey. No doubt his lawyers told the bishop that he might find himself in conflict with the law.

Lord Chelmsford, after giving a decision about the S. Barnabas' frontals, is said to have remarked, 'I hope the High Church clergy will not find it out, but they can use the Romish vestments.'

At any rate Bishop Wigram would not give a formal monition.

At Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce suggested to Mr. Chamberlain that if he wore a chasuble, he ought not to be rural dean, but went no further. It was when the Crown in Council had declared vestments illegal that bishops began to issue monitions.

Such action of the Crown was not based on any common action of the Church and Realm. It was in plain contradiction of the pleas by which Henry VIII had secured the acceptance by the synods of his supremacy, *quantum per Christi legem licet*. To submit to it as binding on the conscience would be to accept the transference of authority from the successors of the Apostles to the English State.

Monitions given on the basis of such action could be thought of as nothing but ungodly monitions. But it must be remembered that the attempt to enforce the decisions of the Crown in spiritual matters has been, for the most part, laid aside by the bishops at any rate

in the Southern Province, and it is far from possible to say that every monition which seems to interfere with the Revival is an ungodly monition.

We may revere those who refused to give up their chasubles, and yet feel bound to listen to such directions as the Bishop of London has lately given.[1]]

Perhaps more serious in its effects on the Revival than any of the prosecutions or imprisonments was the storm about *The Priest in Absolution*. Looking back upon the time, certain things seem clear. Any thorough dealing with sin must require as special and delicate a science as dealing with disease. One of the quotations from the book which were held up to special reprobation was a quotation from one of S. Paul's Epistles. Instruction for priests ministering to those who are universally bound to Confession needs adaptation for us who minister to flocks to whom it is only prescribed under conditions of which they are themselves to judge. But no one can doubt that, like the riots at S. George's and the imprisonment of the five priests, the violence of the attack on *The Priest in Absolution* has made the Catholic doctrine better known and understood.

The opposition to the actual use of Confession as distinct from an academical reference to it as a curious survival in the English Prayer Book, has been felt from time to time, and

[1] Canon Coles inserted the passage within brackets on some occasions when he read this paper.

notably in connection with what are called the Woodard Schools. It is not from any want of loyalty to our founder that I wish they could be known as the Schools of S. Mary. S. Nicholas, S. Chad, S. Andrew, and S. Cuthbert are associated with our Lady as patrons of the schools, but they are all hers, and it is their glory to carry on the traditions of our Lady of Eton, and of the two S. Mary Winton Colleges. Attacks and difficulties have told upon the schools at times, but they stand to-day independent of State aid because free from the conscience clause, offering almost the only opportunity of education entirely given in the name of the Church of England.

Another great result of the Revival has been the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, especially since the memorable episcopate of Bishop Smythies.

If the Revival recovered in the 'fifties from the blow of 1845, if it passed in the 'sixties into its extended and popular form, if the change in the character of the episcopate marked the decade of the 'seventies, that of the 'eighties saw a development which is perhaps hardly past history, and which I must touch with careful hands.

In 1882 Dr. Pusey died, and his funeral was a memorable event. Mr. Gladstone was one of the pall-bearers, and when Dr. Pusey's friends began to plan his memorial, their meeting was in Lord Salisbury's house. Few men

had attended his lectures. Undergraduates could pass through their course without a thought of him. He had ceased to preach in public, though as long as he did so, his audience was always full. But the concourse at his funeral and the response to the proposal to perpetuate his memory by a house which should, like him, be devoted to learning, and always be at the service of young men, showed that a sense of what he was had taken hold of the Church. Dean Church spoke of him with reverence and gratitude. Bishop Stubbs called him the Master. No doubt some of the enthusiasm kindled by his memory sprang from the love which was felt for his spiritual son and representative, Dr. Liddon. All the more does it witness to the power and establishment of the Revival.

It is not for one who, without the primary qualifications, was judged to be useful in the Pusey House, to enter on the tragic events which passed before his eyes. But I cannot be wholly silent on the most important of all my recollections, and I must record the new development of the Catholic Revival which had its origin, or at least its characteristic symbol, in *Lux Mundi*. It is impossible to claim that Dr. Pusey would have approved of the teaching of the first Principal and practical founder of his Memorial House. It is a sad memory that the utterances which Dr. Pusey did not hear in his lifetime were a blow to Dr. Liddon.

But I venture to say that I believe two things may be said with confidence that those who have the opportunity to test them will acknowledge their truth : first, that the editor[1] of *Lux Mundi* felt himself to be a true son of the Movement; and, secondly, that his position at the time when the book appeared, and before, and since, is wholly different from that of the two books which the literary historian might place side by side with *Lux Mundi*. The Christian presuppositions were never forgotten by the writers in *Lux Mundi*, least of all by the editor ; as it appears to me, they had a place in his thought and system far more primary, central, and controlling than they have in the recent volume of *Foundations*. I may be permitted to quote a few words written by the Bishop of Oxford[2] in the *Pilot* newspaper. I believe they express convictions which are never forgotten in anything that the Bishop has published, but I do not know of any particular passage in his books which so clearly expresses what I have extracted from a somewhat fugitive paper. The reference is to a paper on the Gospels in the *Pilot* for August 24, 1901 :

> The Christian conviction of faith is distinctly not the *mere* outcome of historical inquiry, still less of what in the narrower sense we should call the criticism of documents. For ' no man can say Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit.' S. Paul's statement in no way depre-

[1] Dr. Gore. [2] ibid.

cates—still less prohibits—exact inquiry and examination of evidence. There is, in fact, no trace in the New Testament of the spirit of obscurantism which regards all free criticism as a disparagement of spiritual authority. But it does mean that no merely critical or logical method can by itself result in faith. There must be an inward work of the Holy Ghost, an inspiration, that is, which results in insight and assurance.

The trend of thought which has given us a new phase of the Catholic Revival in the school of Bishop Gore, Bishop Talbot, and Dr. Holland, had, if I am not mistaken, a real, though cautious, perhaps a tentative anticipation in much of the later action of Mr. Gladstone. Though he received Dr. Pusey's blessing at a later time, and took part, as I have said, in the honour done to him after death, his appointment of Dr. Temple was severely rebuked by Dr. Pusey. I venture to think that the result justified Mr. Gladstone. I venture to think that no correction of the position of *Essays and Reviews* has been so effective as that of *Lux Mundi* ; I think that it is to *Lux Mundi* and its authors that we must look for guidance in dealing with the devout and missionary-spirited young men who have lately addressed us.

But it is not only the school which accepts, though it does not confine its appeal to the results of modern criticism, which has been a new element in the Catholic Revival. What can best be described as the school of George Body and George Wilkinson brought a new

colour to at least a part of the spiritual life which flowed from Oxford.

I can best speak of this from the point of the first great London Mission of 1868. I am delighted to mention it, because it gives me the opportunity of recalling to your recollection the name of its saintly organizer, Simeon Wilberforce O'Neill. For simplicity, for directness, for love and charity, for joyful asceticism, for keen appreciation, for heavenly-minded humility, I do not know where to look for his like. One of the first three Cowley Fathers, the son of a Nonconformist who preached at Lynton, the friend of Canon Courtenay and Canon Thynne, moving about England midst prayer and fasting, till he went to die in India,—it was he who arranged the great effort out of which came the wide fame and wide work of Canon Body. It was the great work of what has sometimes been called the Wednesbury School to combine definite teaching about conversion with the full sacramental system. Like the Critical School, it is closely allied but not entirely identified with the Tractarian tradition. It was of this school as represented thirty years ago at S. Mary Abbots and S. Peter's, Eaton Square, that Dean Church said that it was perhaps the most remarkable school that the Church of England had seen. Perhaps the value of the School of Conversion lies in a point where Dr. Pusey's teaching lends a stronger support and sympathy than that of Mr. Keble or Cardinal Newman. Mr. Keble's

use of Bishop Butler, and Newman's teaching about the Church in his *Grammar of Assent*, may be contrasted with the security of Dr. Pusey's method of finding the ground of certainty in the divine gift of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

It cannot be doubted that while the Roman Catholic teacher tends to start with the thought of a great Society, and the Protestant with an inspired Book, the truly Catholic method which begins with faith in a Divine Incarnate Person, and finds the Church and the Bible commended by His authority, is the glory of the Anglican Communion, and of that Catholic Revival which is its best fruit, and its best justification.

II

SEVEN DECADES OF THE REVIVAL[1]

I SHOULD like to suggest to you seven names, which seem representative of the seven decades of the Revival which end in 1915. They do not include some of the greatest names belonging to the period ; Dean Church, Dr. Liddon, and our own founder[2] are not among them ; but I think perhaps it may be a help to connect a well-known name with each ten years of the history.

From 1845, when Newman left us, to 1855, there can be no question that the solid, quiet recovery from a great shock is best represented by the name of Dr. Pusey.

From 1855 to 1865 we have the great revival of worship and teaching ceremonial. If we connect it with a name highly distinguished for devoted pastoral work, brave maintenance of the Church's true position, and reverent care

[1] Address to the Community of the Epiphany, Eve of the Transfiguration, 1913.

[2] George Howard Wilkinson, Bishop of Truro (1883–91), and later Bishop of St. Andrews.

in worship, yet without the learning and genius which preceded it, we may take as our second representative, Alexander Mackonochie, first Vicar of S. Alban's, Holborn.

Between 1865 and 1875 a great change came over the bishops of the Church of England through the appointments made by Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister. I think his name recalls what is most interesting in the third decade.

It was as early as 1869 that the great London Mission brought the name of Canon Body into public notice, but the 'seventies and early 'eighties were full of the impulse which was so largely due to him, and I think he may stand as representing the introduction of the doctrine of conversion into the Catholic Revival ; his may be the name for the ten years from 1875 to 1885.

Thus we are brought to the date of the publication of *Lux Mundi*. Four of its authors have become bishops who, if they have not been foremost in the Revival, have greatly helped it. Two of them, Francis Paget and Arthur Lyttelton, have gone to their rest ; we still have with us in the See of Winchester, Edward Talbot, and I think the fit name for the decade in which a reconciliation of faith with reason was bravely attempted is that of the Editor of *Lux Mundi*, my own diocesan, Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford.

It is not quite easy to suggest a name for the

last completed decade, but I think perhaps those who look back to our days from the future yet to come, will see that the endeavour so bravely made by the President of the English Church Union, helped by Father Puller and Mr. Lacey, to carry reconciliation to Rome itself, was the beginning of results far happier than its immediate disappointment, and I place as the representative for 1895 to 1905 the name of Lord Halifax.

If I live long enough to look back on earth from 1915, I think I know the name that I shall add to those of Pusey, Mackonochie, Gladstone, Body, Gore, Halifax.

[The name in Coles's mind for the last decade was that of Dr. Frere, of the Community of the Resurrection, now Bishop of Truro, as representing the revival of the religious life. Coles gave much thought to the plan of a book which should deal at length with the Seven Decades, but he was never able to reduce his material to a form sufficiently ordered for publication.]

III

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN OXFORD[1]

MY first great surprise when I came to the Pusey House when it opened on October 9, 1884, was the power and freshness of the Evangelical cause in Oxford. I had supposed in my country parish, where I had been for twelve years, that the Protestant view of things had ceased to be strong in Oxford, and that I should find only two opposing forces, unbelief and Catholic faithfulness. I had imagined that the objections to the Mass and the Confessional, which were so strong in country places, were hardly known in Oxford, and that for the younger part of the University to be a Christian was to be a Catholic.

This first surprise is closely connected with the experiences of my whole time here, and especially with some things which have been prominent in the latter part of my twenty-five years. The Bishop of Birmingham,[2] our first Principal, was far more alive to the facts. I had imagined that the charity and prudence which has to think of the weak brethren would

[1] A paper read to a private gathering of friends on November 19, 1909.

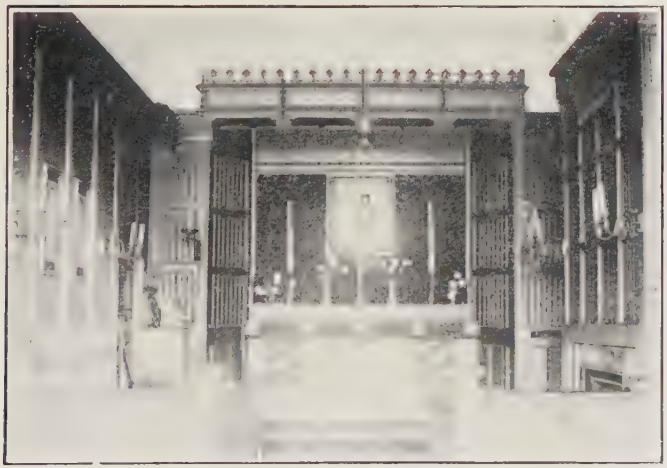
[2] Dr. Gore.

be little needed as regards externals and symbols in Oxford. My own circumstances in the parish I had served had made these considerations weigh very strongly. In 1872 I did not succeed to a neglected parish, but to one which had been worked with the utmost duty and devotion, on the lines of a moderate Anglicanism, ever passing further and further in a Catholic direction, by my own father. My problem there had been how to carry on the lines which had been ever developing in his hands, to imitate the faithfulness, and to secure a continued advance. I am not ashamed to say that I never began the use of altar lights, though I was able to use a linen chasuble. I had supposed that at the Pusey House all this would be changed, and that no concessions to prejudices would have to be thought of. I soon found that this was not so : the Principal was not altogether sorry that his absence in India during the months immediately preceding the opening of the House saved him from the responsibility of deciding whether we were to begin at once with the vestments. He was perhaps not sorry to find that they had been taken for granted.

I have often thought with thankfulness of the service at which the three first librarians were admitted to their work. The Bishop of Oxford, John Fielder Mackarness, was a man of great courage. He had made up his mind that, since the colleges were no longer the possession of the Church, the Church was, in

THE PUSEY HOUSE, 1884–1913.

The two top windows on the left are those of Canon Coles' room until 1897. The four windows of the first floor are those of the rooms he had as Principal.



THE CHAPEL OF THE PUSEY HOUSE, 1884-1913.

all fairness, to be free with regard to the colleges. A short time before Dr. Pusey's death the Head of a college had complained to the Bishop that the Vicar of S. Barnabas' was preparing one of his undergraduates for Confirmation. The complainant was not one of the old-fashioned Heads, but a zealous promoter of the new order of things, and this made it easier for the Bishop to tell him that he could not have it both ways. If the Nonconformist members of the college were to be free, the Churchmen were to be free also. If the colleges were not like parish churches, the bishop of the diocese was free to make his own arrangements for the spiritual welfare of his flock within them. This incident had prepared the Bishop's mind for the questions which were arising. He felt that whatever complicated precedents lay round the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Oxford in college chapels, it was undoubtedly his duty to care for the spiritual welfare of men who, under the new regulations, might find no priest, or even no member of the Church, among the authorities of their college (there would, of course, be chaplains).

It was with this conviction that when Charles Gore, Frank Brightman, and I knelt before him for his blessing after the Creed at the first Eucharist in our chapel, he told us that, while we had no authority in the great University in which we lived, we were to treat all members of it who should come to our House as our parish-

ioners. In the chapel, together with Henry Liddon, Edward King, Edwin Palmer, Robert Wilson of Rownhams (a curate and great friend of Mr. Keble, the father of Bernard Wilson who has lately passed away), and about sixty of our friends, closely packed together, were, as it happened, the two immediate successors of Bishop Mackarness, William Stubbs, then Bishop of Chester, and Francis Paget, then Vicar of Bromsgrove, who was soon afterwards appointed Professor of Pastoral Theology and, some time before, had received the high honour of being selected from the younger priests of Oxford to read from the University pulpit a sermon which Dr. Pusey was not well enough to read himself. Those and others had, I suppose, received early. Certainly, the Holy Communion was given to no others but the three librarians. The present Archdeacon of Oxford,[1] then Vicar of Wantage, led a choir, mostly of clergy, who sang Merbecke's service in the sacristy. The Mass had been preceded by some psalms and collects, and most notably by a lesson from the Book of Wisdom, read, in a manner never to be forgotten, by Dr. Liddon. The deep feeling which made itself clear through the restrained yet confident utterance of the matchless description of the Divine Wisdom moved others beside myself, for there were many of us who knew that in it was expressed the joy of one who was our father and friend.

[1] Dr. Archer-Houblon.

If hereafter men care to inquire how the Pusey House came into existence, they will recognize that, without prejudice to the claims of its younger sister in Thurloe Square,[1] this house in S. Giles' is as much the memorial of Henry Parry Liddon as of Edward Bouverie Pusey. One who knew Liddon well described his face as—

> Sufficient proof man has a soul,
> Irradiate with habitual self-control.

Eager, fiery, all but irrepressible by nature, his action had been always restrained by an obedience to the divine will which cost him much. He had known that from his dying bed Walter Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, the one English prelate who faced with full conviction and dauntless courage the whole force of the opposition of British Protestantism to the Mass and the Confessional—Liddon knew that the Bishop, whose chaplain and adviser he had been, sent a message from his dying bed to his close friend who had lately, for the first time, become Prime Minister of England, asking that Liddon might be his successor. Perhaps it was even more than Mr. Gladstone could have done to have overcome the tremendous obstacles to such an appointment. Probably, if he offered the see to Richard Church, and finally appointed Dr. Moberly, he did his best. But when the offer of another bishopric came

[1] Liddon House, London ; now in South Audley Street.

to Liddon in his later years, it recalled pathetically to his mind what service might have been possible for him if he had been permitted to take up the staff which Hamilton had laid down, and enrich with his eloquence and genius the work which had been begun by the faithfulness of his friend.

Twice, at least, before this, Liddon had suffered a great disappointment. He had been as warmly devoted to Bishop Wilberforce as to the college which he was founding at Cuddesdon, but though he consented, at the Bishop's desire, to transfer himself from Pusey to Keble as his spiritual father, he did not hesitate when reverence to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was denied him, and left Cuddesdon. A less disappointment, but, I suspect, a very real one, was the rule imposed on him by Dr. Pusey, that his preaching should be restricted and rare. Looking back, we can see that the peculiar power of his later sermons was due to that restriction ; can we not also see that the indefinable ἦθος of Cuddesdon owes as much to Edward King as to Henry Liddon ?

I venture to make this digression and these suggestions because I want to enlist your agreement when I claim a similar hope of reversal, after a record of greater disappointment. If the Pusey House had no other claims to interest, it must always be connected in the memories of those who have known the Church life of Oxford for the last three decades as the scene of a

tragedy. Tragic events may arise, perhaps they most often arise, out of the misfortunes rather than the faults of good men.

> Ill masters good, good seems to turn
> To ill with greatest ease.

At that we are not surprised, but Faber laid his finger on the sorest place in many hearts when he continued with an unpardonable rhyme, but a great truth—

> And, most of all, the good with good,
> Is at cross purposes.

If one servant of God had not been as sanguine as he was true, and if another servant of God had not been as utterly true as he was passionate, the tragedy of *Lux Mundi* would not have arisen. Dr. Liddon longed for the fire, the brightness, the courage of that devotion to truth and the Lord of truth which can only be expressed by some such word as passion. No sentence of his remains more marked as his than his longing for 'a heart of flesh towards my neighbour, a heart of iron towards myself, and a heart of fire towards my God.' Among the younger disciples of the Catholic Revival in Oxford there were two beyond all others who resembled Liddon in this quality of passionate faith. To Liddon's own mind it seemed impossible to dissever that splendid quality from another quality which was equally marked in his own character, that of unquestioning adher-

ence to what has been recognized as true. He soon found that in one of his younger friends,[1] with whom circumstances made him very familiar, a passionate love for the faith of Christ, not less than his own, was united with a desire, quite as passionate, to include all that could be included in the fellowship of that faith.

> Quidquid est virtutis usquam
> Psallat in laudem Dei.

The common passionate love to our Lord held together the two Canons of S. Paul's to the close of Liddon's life : the extension of that love to the overmastering desire to include, introduced a real and difficult modification into their agreement. I suppose it might be said that the one reproduced the spirit of the Eastern, while the other, Liddon, held firm to the spirit of the Western theologians. But, as I said, there was another among his younger friends, of whom Liddon saw much less, and to whom he delighted to think that he could give a more unlimited trust. He found in the man whom he made, or helped to make, the first Principal of the Pusey House an element of pathos, to use his own word. In this connection pathos meant the passion of faith, and to Liddon's mind it was inseparable from the suffering which follows upon uncompromising adherence to what has once been regarded as belonging to

[1] Henry Scott Holland.

the truth. I am not sure whether those elements in the teaching of Bishop Gore which gave great pain to Dr. Liddon represented any change in his own convictions. I know that the germ of his essay in *Lux Mundi* was a memorandum drawn up for the clearing of his own mind in his undergraduate days, and a much less delicate and sanguine Conservative than Dr. Liddon was reported to have told Gore in his early days that he was no better than the common atheist.

However this may be, the publication of *Lux Mundi* with its claim that a development in historical science, no less than the corresponding development of natural science, had compelled Christian students to change their attitude as to inspiration, came like a thunderbolt to Dr. Liddon. The suffering on both sides, the complexity of the discussion, the rearrangement of alliances and sympathies, all this makes the story of *Lux Mundi* stand out alone in my Oxford recollections. May I dare to say that, looking back, I can see that all the suffering may have been needed for good results, and that the common possession of faith in our Lord remained a real bond of union through all the trouble ? When Dr. Liddon was dying, Bishop Gore was one of the few friends whom he desired to see. Predictions that the editor of *Lux Mundi* would be led much further have not been fulfilled. Rather, at this moment, those who desire to empty of all meaning the

acceptance of the Catholic Creeds are full of reproaches against the half-way inconsistency of the Bishop of Birmingham.[1] You will see what I look upon as the compensation for the tragedy of *Lux Mundi* is that the necessary modification of what used to be said about inspiration should have been made by one who knew so well where to stop.

The publication of *Lux Mundi* was only one out of three great results of the work of the first Principal of the Pusey House. While the great storm was raging in England on the book, Gore paid a short visit to the Oxford Mission at Calcutta, and, just on the eve of his departure, the small cloud of another storm appeared in a paragraph which explained that the Principal of the Pusey House was preparing a full programme of Socialism. He contented himself with a brief letter to the *Guardian*, pointing out that ' Social ' was no more to be identified with ' Socialist ' than ' Ritual ' with ' Ritualist.' Nevertheless, the birth of the Christian Social Union caused a flutter not wholly unlike that which followed the *Lux Mundi* essay. From the first opening of the House there had been a feeling that it would illustrate the growing separation between Toryism and Churchmanship. In our first term Mr. Stewart Headlam spoke in the House for the Guild of S. Matthew, and a witty Keble man produced an epigram :

[1] Dr. Gore.

Sing a song of thousands,
Thirty, say, or more
Spent in subsidizing
Brightman, Stuckey,[1] Gore.
When the House was opened
Straightway Headlam came—
Was not that a pretty thing
To do in Pusey's name ?[2]

As Mr. George Russell has pointed out, Dr. Pusey's sermons yield material which serves the need of any one who is preaching on the dangers and responsibilities of wealth, and the sympathy of the Pusey House with the Labour Movement and the school of social reformers which had been founded by Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes caused little anxiety to its best friends. Besides the good work which it has done in its proper sphere, the Christian Social Union has formed a link between Churchmen of all schools in Oxford, and I for one am proud that a society which includes the late Bishop Westcott and the present Bishop of

[1] Then, as through my whole life, the use of my surname was denied me (note by V. S. S. C.).

[2] Dr. Stone remembers another version :

Sing a song of thousands,
Thirty so, or more,
Given for the purposes
Of old patristic lore.
When the House was opened
Stu-art Headlam came.
Was not that a funny thing
To call by Pusey's name ?

Liverpool [1] should have had for its founder the Bishop of Birmingham.

But greater things even than social work were moving in the mind of its founder. I think it was in the summer of 1890 that some ten priests, including the librarians, met at the Pusey House to exchange thought on the nature and history of the religious life. Our president directed our first thoughts to the Eastern rule of S. Basil, pointing out that its spirit was in some respects less rigid than that of the later Western rules. The interest felt in the English workman suggested that the aim of a modern religious order might be to live, as regards food, house, and furniture, on the scale which would be desired for an English artisan. Much was said of the advantage of an obedience given rather to the chapter than to the superior.

Presently, out of these conferences, arose a society for which a name had to be found. The name first thought of was not, at any rate, far from the ' Society of Christian Endeavour,' but it was Dr. Liddon who suggested that it should be called the ' Society of the Resurrection,' and his suggestion was at once accepted.

For a moment it seemed as if the Pusey House was trying to become a monastery. Silence was observed at dinner on Fridays. Great regularity of attendance at the chapel offices, and regulations as to the times of retirement and rising, began to be practised, and

[1] Dr. Chavasse.

undergraduates dropping in to tea at four-thirty found not only the familiar librarians, but quite a little crowd of serious neophytes. It was not long, however, before the leader of these aspirations felt that he must pursue his ideal further from the centre of moving life, and a swarm of novices followed him to Radley Vicarage, leaving to the Pusey House no higher aim than the endeavour to keep alive and in vigour the life of celibacy and continual prayer which had so long been the ideal of an Oxford college.

It was a great moment in the history of the Catholic Revival when Cowley was no longer the sole representative of an effective community for men in the English Church. You will not suppose that I mean anything but homage, love, and reverence to Cowley. From Bishop Gore downwards, one after another of those who have taken part in the work of the Pusey House has owed almost everything to Cowley, and the austere but simple rule of Father Benson remains the leading ideal of English monasticism. But there was room for other ideals, and it will be among the greatest causes of thanksgiving for the founders of the Pusey House that Mirfield is, in a manner, its daughter.

I said that the first Principal, who was the virtual founder of the Pusey House, left behind him the memory of three great movements, by which I meant those which have already been mentioned—the Reconciliation of

Catholicism and Modern Thought, the Consecration by Faith of Social Work, and the expansion of the idea of the Religious Life in England. But, if I try to leave in the memories of any to whom I may read these lines the chief things that are connected with the quarter of a century in the Pusey House, I must mention the character of the House itself, as an instrument of pastoral work. Many things have concurred to create the demand for which, if I am not mistaken, this House suggests the supply. The parochial system is broken up in our large towns. The ancient Universities no longer own allegiance to the Church : the younger Universities have never given it. The position of young men in our vast towns is less linked with religious observance than in days gone by. As attendance at church has ceased to be conventional, it more and more often happens that devout men find themselves in a very small minority in congregations consisting chiefly of women.

All these things combine to ask for such houses as this, where priests may be at the service of men, and especially young men. The courageous act of Bishop Mackarness when he gave the librarians of the Pusey House the commission to treat as their parishioners such members of the University as may seek their aid will, please God, have far-reaching results. Aided by the far-seeing provisions of the late Lord Beauchamp's Private Chapels Bill, it has

opened the way for ministrations to special classes, and places of worship for special classes. It has been recognized that men who have left school, and even college, need special ministrations as much as boys who receive them in school chapels.

The Oxford House, to some extent, and the Liddon House to a larger extent, have profited by the example set here, and S. Anselm's House at Cambridge has begun a career which is neither parochial nor academical, with the sanction of the Bishop of Ely. Among the blessings for which we have to be thankful here must ever be remembered the generosity of the parish priest in whose parish we are placed. Clear as our position is, it is a new position, and a vicar of less wisdom, faith, and generosity might have raised hindrances, instead of always being willing to help us by every means in his power. I venture to hope that in time to come altars and priests may be licensed not only for young men who are members of Universities, but for sons of the Faith gathered in boarding houses, and perhaps in clubs. A first-rate London club, perhaps somewhat modern and moderate in its indulgences, which should provide men with a daily Mass and a priest at their service, seems possible in the visions of the future. In such a society opportunities would readily be found for the individual intercourse of priest and people, which has grown up in this House.

There was probably never a time when it seemed more clear to each young man that his wants and his difficulties are peculiar to himself. In our complex life, so full of variety in opinion and circumstance, it is probably less easy than it has been to speak effectively in the abstract, and to large numbers. If the example of Dr. Pusey, who was always ready for those who came to him one by one, sent us back to the picture of S. Paul at Rome, receiving in his lodging all who came, no man forbidding him, we can go higher still and remember that it was no mistaken thought which suggested in a monograph in the *Expositor* that of all men in all time our Blessed Lord was Himself the most accessible, that He probably never slept in a walled town, and that while crowds sought Him, He Himself sought or received individuals, the Shepherd Who knew His sheep by name.

I linger on my recollections of the time when I was learning from Bishop Gore, and on the thoughts of what he was allowed to inaugurate amongst us. But, if I do not too greatly try your patience, I must go on to some experiences in which he has only an indirect share.

The first of these is hard to designate. With all its delightful, with all its anxious associations, it lies in my own mind under one word only—*Conishead*. I said that I had been surprised when I came back to Oxford at the vigour of the Evangelicals. Very soon I began to find that

there were other things besides their vigour that I had to be interested in. Before I came back I had known Bishop Wilkinson and Canon Body, and had learned from them that the doctrine of conversion was in no way alien from the Catholic Faith. When I returned to Oxford I became aware of a power, a freedom, a simplicity, and I will add—for this was perhaps what I least expected—a beauty in the lives of many thoroughly Protestant members of the University. More than once the President of the Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union has been amongst my most intimate friends. I came to feel that the blessing of God rested in a remarkable way not only on individuals but upon much of the corporate action of those who stand far from the Catholic view of the Sacraments, the priesthood, and the saints.

In 1906 earnest invitations were given by the promoters of the Students' Mission Movement to friends of mine for the Summer Camp at Conishead. At first I thought it would be impossible for us to join them, and no one from the Pusey House was present at the camp of 1906. But, at that very camp, so remarkable and blessed a gift of faith came to one very dear to me, a gift which included the full results of the Incarnation, that I was constrained to reconsider my position. I found that our own Bishop left me free in the matter, and the earnest encouragement of the Bishop of St. Andrews

led me to go with a wondering and almost a shrinking mind. I hope I should not have gone if I had been unable to justify my action to my conscience. I reflected that, in the present divided state of Christendom, what is normal and traditional may be modified by present experience of divine grace : so at least it appeared to my revered friend in Scotland, so it had appeared to Mr. Gladstone, whose witness for the Faith had been one of my strongest anchors through my undergraduate time at Balliol. No invalid orders were recognized at Conishead ; all, ministers and lay people, met on equal terms, and they met, not to amalgamate in one religious society, but, on the basis of common faith in our divine Lord, to help one another to do each his best to make Him known and believed in through the world. Perhaps I may express my experience in the words which I wrote down in the train as I came away from the camp :

Not since I saw the folk at Ammergau
  Honouring the Lord's own Passion all day long
  With mystic art and lofty choral song,
Have I beheld such glory until now.
  Young men and maidens in one happy throng
Hallow again monastic Conishead,
  Learning the blessed warfare of their King.
Whence is the joy so richly o'er them shed ?
  Who is it walks among them even now ?
'Tis He Himself, the First-born from the dead,
  And His good Spirit sheds that holy joy,
  His praise their songs, His work their lives employ,

And some of them have heard His secret voice,
In faith they pray, in hope and love they sing,
And make His will their everlasting choice ;
And He is with them always, as He said.

I will not say that I have not had alternations of feeling since. I have been startled to find what loyalty to our divine Lord may mean, when it is based on the transitory outcome of the experience of even a small group of associates, to the exclusion of any transmitted creed. I have felt sure that I regret the present inclination to identify with the Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union the Oxford University Churchmen's Union, which had its origin in the desire to provide a link for those who were bound in conscience to respect the distinction between valid and invalid ministry ; but I feel as much as ever the force of the witness of the divine Spirit in many persons, and, as it seems also, in some movements which are outside Catholic unity.

I should like to take this opportunity of calling the attention of my friends to a very remarkable essay published about thirty years ago by Father Simeon Wilberforce O'Neill, one of Father Benson's earliest Brothers in the Cowley Society, in his book on *Christian Unity*. He is pleading for mutual toleration between Catholic and Protestant missionaries, and his first great point is that—

All religions may be divided into two classes, viz. those which are able to save the soul, and those which

are not. In asserting this we are, of course, not saying that all persons who belong to the latter class of religions are lost, any more than that all that belong to the former of the two classes are saved. We only say that every religion is either of such a kind that whoever accepts it faithfully and practises it consistently will obtain salvation *by means of it*, or else that it is a religion unable to save a man, so that he who accepts it and practises it ever so sincerely will nevertheless not be saved *by it*. . . As to the criterion by which it may be determined to what class any religion belongs, we venture to think that it is plainly laid down in Holy Scripture as faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, Very God and Very Man. . . . Both Catholics and Orthodox Protestants belong to the class of religions which we have called saving creeds (p. 5).

He goes on to say that—

It is duty for our Indian missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, to rejoice in each other's successes, and grieve for each other's failures, in the mission field.

Is it not remarkable to find a position so like that of 'Conishead' held by one of the most characteristically Catholic of the Cowley Fathers?

There remains, I think, but one more chief point of reminiscence. Last year we attempted in this room what had never been done before; we invited seniors and juniors from a wide area to discuss Modernism. I do not think the experiment encourages me to recommend the plan. In small gatherings of those who know each other well, the most momentous questions

may be spoken upon without much risk. But it is at least doubtful whether, when a subject emerges which is of sufficient interest to collect an audience, it is well to invite juniors, or even seniors, to commit themselves in set speeches on great issues. And Modernism is indeed a great issue, with great possibilities of result. To have been in Oxford long enough to hear the talk about Father Tyrrell, and to find men still keen for all the practices of Eucharistic devotion when they have ceased to treat the dogmas of the Creed as certain, makes me feel that I have been present at a great moment, and seen the beginning of a new period. It is much more easy to me to be sure that the Roman authorities have been right in condemning the extreme Modernists, than to accept or define any distinct relation to the reasons which have been given as the ground of the condemnation. I cannot but hope that the claim for belief in fact, as distinct from the belief in nothing more than the spiritual usefulness of fables, is still not inconsistent with a claim on the other hand for great variety of paths by which men come to the truth. I do not say that the Pope has required us to walk along one flagged path in our ascent from natural religion to Christian Faith, but I certainly claim that if we reach that faith, we may do so by any path which brings us to the right end.

And here indeed I am confronted by the thought which beyond all others I should like

to leave with you to-day. For some years past I have been more and more sure that the duty of a pastor, not possessed of much learning, to a flock, learned or unlearned, in the neighbourhood of learning, is to witness in season and out of season to the reality of the gift of faith. There was a time when I had some considerable fear that I clung to this great truth as a sort of easy substitute for the labour of study, of memory, and of argument. I have reason enough to regret my slackness and failure in that study in the days when it was my proper work, and even in the more recent time when I might well have spent my vacations in reading instead of more congenial work. But no faults of my own can lessen the conviction that, when all the labour of study has contributed to the probability of our religion, it is the gift of faith which bestows the certainty, and it is certainty which is the strength of love.

It has been said that a man must lay aside his faith while he is reading for Greats, though he will be able to resume it afterwards. If his faith rested ultimately upon the conclusion which he himself or some one else for him has drawn from the consideration of documentary evidence, it might be true that a suspension of faith would be inevitable when all assumptions as to literary and historical evidence are laid aside. But, if faith rests on the same ground, in the last resort, for all who possess it, and if that ground is the consciousness of a divine

gift, shared with a vast company of Christians in all times and places since our Lord taught on earth, there can be no reason for it to be laid aside during a period of intellectual inquiry. From that inquiry must issue, in the end, and for those who fulfil the moral conditions—*beati mundo corde quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt*—conclusions of more or less cogent probability, on the side of truth. Such conclusions are of priceless value to those seekers who may be encouraged by them to take the higher means of obtaining certainty. They are of hardly less value to those believers who use them for the demonstration of the unity of creation, how the whole round world is 'Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'

But the value of these conclusions and of the labour which has led to them ought not for a moment to tempt us to forget that they are subordinate to the gift of faith. Is it necessary to say that faith does not mean for us merely the assurance of the theist, but the link of light and glory which binds the conscious self, and is willing to lead the will and the affections to the acceptance of God Incarnate? Whether it break like the dawn on a student of S. John's Gospel, or be found as the unexpected result of a long struggle with moral temptation, or appear while the Spirit's help is being invoked in the subordinate intellectual process, or be received during the great Eucharist at S. Barnabas' by one who entered an agnostic and leaves

a Christian believer, or be found inseparable from the sense of divine presence and divine help in the prayers and utterances of Conishead, or whether, best of all, it has burned in the soul, sometimes bright and sometimes dim, even behind the earliest remembered consciousness of the baptized, through childhood, youth, and manhood, it is the witness, *ictu trepidantis aspectus*, to a Person Who entirely satisfies, because in Him is the nearness of human love, and the perfection of God.

IV

DR. LIDDON[1]

'I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed' (*Isa.* l. 7).

'Show Thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto Thee' (*Ps.* cxliii. 8).

WE are met this afternoon to honour and to profit by the name of him whose bright and holy memory consecrates this House—the name of Henry Parry Liddon. Seventeen years can erase impressions which once held a foremost place in the public mind, and I am not sure how much will be known by those who are beginning to find a home in Liddon House of him whose name it bears. To many of us for whom the retrospect of our career must greatly exceed the prospect, the name stands out without a rival in the past. Many besides myself can remember some moment like the All Saints' morning forty-five years ago when I looked round the choir stalls at Margaret Street to see which of the faces was that of the preacher for the day, and found my eyes arrested by the face

[1] A paper read at Liddon House, November 5, 1908.

which was described by one worthy to appreciate it as—

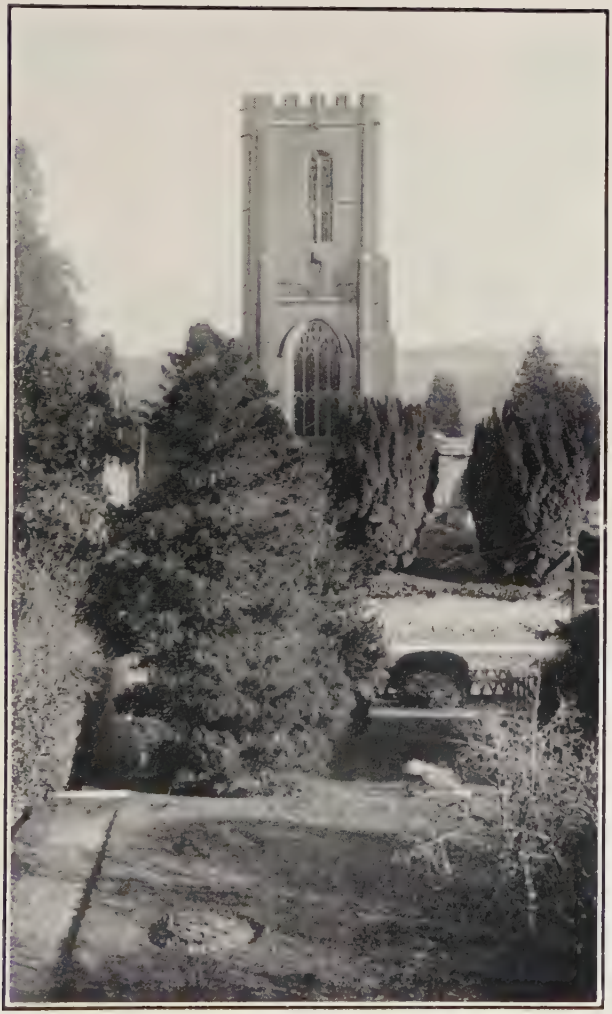
> Sufficient proof man has a soul,
> Irradiate with habitual self-control.
> Pity for suffering, care for the forlorn,
> His eyes proclaimed the fire that burned within.

A face that was indeed a mirror of an inner life such as he himself described, with—

> A heart of flesh towards my neighbour, a heart of iron towards myself, and a heart of fire towards my God.

The expression was a most unusual combination of tenderness and strength, and I find myself compelled to use the two texts I have read to you if I am to hope that I may draw a true picture of my spiritual father and your unseen benefactor. The first of these great words has been adopted by those who carry on the worship of this chapel for constant recitation, because it was so often on Dr. Liddon's lips and so true a motto of his whole life, ' I have set my face like a flint, and I know I shall not be ashamed.'

Marked out in early boyhood by the desire to preach God's Word, so that his old nurse could tell how he would bring his written sermons and ask her if she thought they would at all do, drawn as his youth developed to that ardent longing for what is primitive and Catholic, which so many of us remember as a gift bestowed almost apart from outward circumstances, and in spite of opposition and discour-



THE CHURCH TOWER, SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP, FROM THE RECTORY.

(Photograph by Mr. Francis Jones.)

agement, Henry Liddon had already received, when an undergraduate at Oxford, the gift of unswerving faith in our divine Lord which was witnessed to through his whole life by every faculty and every action. It was with the full force of a passionate nature, curbed and restrained in every other direction, that he threw himself into the life-long service of God Incarnate. Such a service included, as a matter in his mind beyond all doubt, the acceptance of membership in the Catholic Church as the necessary consequence of faith in Christ. His friend and biographer, the present Principal of Cuddesdon,[1] deserves all our gratitude for the courage which led him to set before us without curtailment the story of Liddon's visit to Rome before his ordination, when the papal claims came before him with all the force and attraction of their world-wide unity, and unswerving witness to dogma. But we also know that by the time of his ordination he could use the same great words as to his trust in the Creed and Sacraments of the Reformed Church of England as in the witness to Jesus Christ of the undivided Church—'I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.' This firm confidence, holding the mind in loyal submission to unchanging truth, was the special point of character which belonged to him in common with Dr. Pusey.

It would be difficult to find an instance in

[1] The late Rev. J. O. Johnston.

which an intellectual or a religious movement received such a tremendous blow as that which fell on the Oxford Movement and the Catholic Revival in the English Church in 1845 through the secession of John Henry Newman. Some of his friends followed him. Two, at least, of the most eminent, Mark Pattison and James Anthony Froude, have given us their own records of the reaction which carried them to the opposite side of the theological field. Another, their intellectual equal and, it must be said, their moral superior, Richard William Church, withdrew for nineteen years to meditation and humble work with a rural flock, until Mr. Gladstone's pertinacious efforts brought him to S. Paul's, though not to Canterbury. But Edward Bouverie Pusey remained at his post in Oxford, far removed, as Newman himself has testified, from the conclusions which would have enabled him to follow his friend, equally removed from exaggerated resentment or bitter words at the defection which threw on him so vast a burden of responsibility. He remained, studying, ministering, vindicating, developing, calm and serene, in humble confidence.

During this period an inquiry was once addressed to a member of the University,[1] eminent for his lovable and ardent character, his brilliant expositions and his uncertain theology, as to what had become of the Tractarian

[1] The Rev. A. P. Stanley, Fellow of University, and afterwards Dean of Westminster.

Movement. He replied that it was gone. 'No one,' he said, 'could exactly tell you what there might be in Dr. Pusey's House, but outside there were just two young men worth considering, and no more, who remained faithful to the Movement.' The names of the two were Benson and Liddon. Unswerving loyalty to a great cause is always accompanied by loyalty to its leaders, and when Liddon had set his face like a flint in devotion to the greatest of all causes and had made up his mind that loyalty to the Church of England as part of the Catholic Church was included in loyalty to our divine Lord, he turned with ever increasing love and gratitude to the two great leaders who still remained. Of these, John Keble was far away at Hursley, but Pusey was close at hand in Oxford, and Liddon soon advanced to an intimacy, shared indeed by Keble and Bishop Forbes as correspondents and occasional visitors, but only by Dr. Pusey's own son, Philip, in Oxford itself.

I do not know that I can venture on the attempt to analyse it, but I can bear witness to the profound veneration and love for Dr. Pusey which gave colour to the whole life of Liddon when it was my high privilege to know him in 1864 and from that time to Dr. Pusey's death. I remember once his saying to me he thought Mr. Carter, of Clewer, the greatest of our preachers. 'Of course,' he added, 'I do not venture to make any comparison with Dr. Pusey.' It is easy to see how valuable to the

Catholic Revival such devotion became. An element both of weakness and strength belonged to Dr. Pusey's position in regard to those who thought with him. He was always conscious that he had not the position nor the claim to stand as a leader. At the same time, he was keenly aware of the need of organization and loyalty. The precise need of the cause which owed so much to him was that younger men should give him the support which he was neither willing nor suited to ask for. While others became influenced at a distance by other circumstances and persons, Liddon, living in the same quadrangle at Christ Church, gave Dr. Pusey a support as nearly entire as it was absolutely ungrudging and devoted. In one department of Dr. Pusey's activity, the foundation of the Devonport Sisterhood, the historian will not, I think, find traces of Liddon's assistance, but in stubborn unflinching maintenance of the Catholic Faith as he had received it, Liddon was entirely with him, and always at his service.

One result of this was the keen and bitter pain which Liddon suffered when many of his younger friends were unable, after Dr. Pusey's death, to follow all that he had taught as to the nature of the Inspiration of Scripture. The time has not yet come for an historical review of all that happened in the last days of Dr. Liddon's life. I may be allowed, however, to say as much as this, that the first Principal of

the Pusey House was one of the very few persons whom Liddon desired to see in his last illness,[1] and that the theologian [2] to whom Dr. Liddon specially commended the defence of Holy Scripture in the coming time has never felt obliged to sever a close connection with the Bishop of Birmingham.

Another result, free, thank God, or almost free, from the clouds to which I have just referred, of the stern and uncompromising Anglo-Catholicism of Liddon and Pusey is to be found in the drift of Liddon's thought towards the glorious theme of his Bampton Lectures. Dean Church has pointed out how the higher spirits of the time of Andrewes, when they wanted to breathe more freely and in a purer air, 'turned their thoughts from words to a Person,' and were led 'to the overwhelming revelation of the Word Incarnate, . . . to a theology which ended in adoration, self-surrender, and blessing, and in the awe and joy of welcoming the Presence of the Eternal Beauty, the Eternal Sanctity, and the Eternal Love, the Sacrifice and Reconciliation of the World.' [3] I think it may truly be said that all

[1] See Johnston, *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*, pp. 383–4.

[2] The allusion here is probably to the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, who succeeded Dr. Liddon as Canon of S. Paul's in 1890. This appointment was made by Lord Salisbury after inquiring of Dr. Liddon's brother, Edward Liddon, M.D., as to Dr. Liddon's wishes in the matter.

[3] *Pascal and Other Sermons*, p. 77.

the patristic studies and teaching of Pusey, and all the vindication of the true doctrine of the Sacraments, in which Liddon had shared, found their necessary completion and their true basis in his exposition of the divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Christian religion, when formally stated, must rest upon some great authority. From the beginning of the Oxford Movement it had been made clear that the ultimate authority cannot be the Bible. It became almost equally clear in the course of controversy that it could not be the Church. The very vitality of the Movement had tended to force on from more sides than one the conclusion that the true authority behind the Bible and behind the Church is that of our Incarnate Lord. It is the glory of the position which is Catholic without being Roman Catholic that it does not start from a book or a society, but from a divine Person.

The Bampton Lectures of 1866 will ever remain Liddon's greatest achievement. The picture of S. Mary's, filled to overflowing Sunday after Sunday, the extraordinary beauty of the eloquence with which the lectures were delivered, the sense of hope and encouragement which spread amongst us who were then in the midst of our undergraduate career, this and much more lives in our recollection of that eventful summer. If I may stop for a moment and compare the scene with a similar scene when the same great subject was handled in the

same lectures by the present Bishop of Birmingham,[1] I may say that the later effort was specially marked by the characteristics of the judge, and the earlier by those of the great pleader. The splendid torrent of Liddon's eloquence, his pathetic appeals to all in his hearers which would aid his cause, are more than justified by the sacred gift of faith which lay behind them. And in spite of his judicial tone of impartiality, the same sacred gift it is which justifies the emphasis laid on presuppositions by Bishop Gore. It is my earnest hope that, long after I have passed away, the verdict of dispassionate history will be that the Bampton Lectures of 1866 and 1894 stand together as two great bulwarks of Christian Faith and Catholic truth.

Without question, the life of Henry Liddon was formed on the contemplation of our Incarnate Lord, and I think it must be added that he was rather a Thomist than a Scotist. The Incarnation was to him above all things the path to the Cross. If, in his own study, the prominent object was a very large picture of the Sacred Head and Face, in a position and with an expression which do not belong to the Passion, it was the Crucifixion which was ever before his mind. Wherever his influence, and often his munificence, is to be traced, the Crucifixion will be found above the altar. It is so at Colyton, in Devonshire, the place of his mother's grave ; it is so, I need not remind

[1] Dr. Gore.

you, in S. Paul's Cathedral, where, to use the words of the Bishop of London in this chapel a year ago, Dr. Liddon's influence restored Catholic faith and practice. So it would have been in Keble College Chapel, if others who were interested in its design had been as flint-like in their resistance to the desire of the architect as was Dr. Liddon, and the most moving and converting of all sights would have confronted, as he longed that it should, the generations of young men who so greatly need its help. It may perhaps be permissible to record a hope that as the chapel is arranged with a quasi-nave and choir, it may some day be adorned and completed by a great rood, pendant or supported, as a memorial of Henry Liddon. For, indeed, nothing less than the crucifix itself can fully express the setting of the Face, which is so closely bound up with Liddon's memory. His devotion to the Crucified was learned from the Cross itself. And it is to the Cross that we must go if we are to learn that same courageous steadfastness. It is not any real doubt as to the divine gift of faith or any want of plainness in our Lord's teaching that chiefly threatens our steadfastness and perseverance. What really tells on us is that, as Dr. Liddon taught us :

> The Gospel ought to be rewritten if Christianity is to become what some sections of the thought of our day would fain hope to make it. Instead of saying, 'Narrow is the way and few there be that find it,' our Lord

should have said, ' Wide is the way, and no one can well miss it.' Instead of, ' I am the Way and the Truth,' He should surely have said, ' I am one of the truths and ways by which humanity may reach the Father of Spirits.'

Certainly we are not called to make assertions before we are convinced of them. Certainly we are bound to cultivate the widest charity and to make the largest allowance for those who are on their way but have not yet attained to the certainty of faith. But when we are really sure because God has given us of His Spirit and we behold and bear witness that the Father has sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world, then it is that each of us must say, ' I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.'

I have spoken of the union of strength and tenderness in Dr. Liddon's faith. It was a wistful tenderness, ever longing to be taught and led. In striking contrast to the certainty of his faith in the Creed of Christendom was his anxious desire to arrive at right decisions in action. Keen and eager as he was, he never forgot what was due to others, to the weak, the prejudiced, and the ignorant. I have chosen my second text because it was the text of the sermon on Divine Guidance, one of the last which he preached at Oxford. You will allow me to read you a few words from the third division of this sermon :

If it be asked how God does answer this prayer, I answer, first of all and generally, by the language of

events—by that importunity of circumstances which, in differing degrees, accompanies every human life. It matters not that the environment of every life can be traced to antecedents, and these antecedents to other antecedents that have preceded them, till the long evolutionary procession is lost sight of in the distant haze. It matters not; first, because we Christians know that at last a point must be reached, where no material antecedent is discoverable, and where bare existence can only be accounted for by the Fiat of a Creative Will; and secondly, because the relation of each antecedent to that which precedes and follows it, the direction and law of this long evolutionary sequence, if so we must provisionally term it, itself implies, no less than its first impact implies, a presiding and guiding Mind. Yes, to-day no less than in the days of patriarchs and prophets, the circumstances which surround our lives are God's own language, which may be interpreted by reason and conscience, and which teach all of us how He would have us expend His gift of existence.

Thus, in a great number of cases the question which a young man, who thinks at all, asks himself at some time: 'What is the best thing that I can do with my life?' is answered decisively by the circumstances in which he finds himself. The wishes of his parents, the means at their disposal, the bias of his own higher thoughts and disposition, the course of his education, the sympathies of his contemporaries, the leading events and opportunities of the hour, not to speak of those unforeseen occurrences which at some time or other flash a new light from above on every career—these are among the ingredients which rightly go some way to form a decision that may be reverently presumed to be in accordance with the will of God.

No imperative call of truth or duty disturbs this claim

of actual circumstances ; it is not with Isaac as it had been with Abraham ; it is not with Solomon as with David. Many a man may read an answer to his prayer written thus legibly in everything around him ; he has but to follow its guidance.

But this is not always the case. For some of the noblest men that have lived, the way traced originally by circumstances has not been the way in which they have had to walk. For them life could only be made the best of by deliberately setting aside this original guidance in obedience to a higher guidance that has traversed it. So it was with Abraham, and with Moses ; so also with David and Elisha ; so it was with each and all of Christ's Apostles, who forsook all and followed Him. So it was especially with S. Paul. He had prayed this very prayer as a Jewish Rabbi, 'Show Thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto Thee' ; and the answer to it came to him on the road to Damascus. And he obeyed that answer until the day when they led him out to die on the road to Ostia.[1]

It will be remembered that the change from a lower guidance of circumstances to a higher guidance from above was keenly present in Dr. Liddon's mind. He would often refer to the possibility of his having been sent into the Navy. This was his father's profession, and Captain Liddon shared the Arctic Expeditions of Sir Edward Parry, who became the godfather of his son Henry. It seems that the family decision hung for a time in the balance between the profession in which success might have been

[1] Sermon on 'Divine Guidance,' preached before the University of Oxford. Second series.

helped by the influence of his godfather, and that to which he was drawn by a higher motive. So, too, he was always ready to explain how it came to pass that his preaching was almost wholly limited to Oxford and London. It had not been so in the earlier years of his ministry, and at times their failure to get possession of him for some great occasion greatly perturbed the hearts of excellent parish priests. I remember an occasion when one of them was bold enough to express to Dr. Liddon his conviction that it was the divine will that he should be the preacher at a coming festival. 'I told him,' said Dr. Liddon, 'that if he would work a miracle in my room I should believe him, but else that I must be allowed to ascertain the divine will by more usual methods.' There can be little doubt that the peculiar beauty of his sermons was largely due to the limitation placed upon their production. But the interesting point is that this limitation was what would be called accidental. 'I should have gone about,' he used to say, 'like any one else had it not been that Dr. Pusey told me that I was to stay in Oxford and prepare myself for writing Commentaries on the Bible.'

Those who knew him best will tell us that at times he was greatly saddened by what seemed to him the failure of his cherished plans. I should venture to suppose that one of the instances of which he may have thought was the failure in the Schools of some of his pupils at

S. Edmund Hall. If this was so, it is interesting to observe that some, at least, of those who passed from his tuition without degrees have been amongst the most valued parish priests of their generation, and that the character which he impressed upon S. Edmund Hall has never, through many vicissitudes, been lost. I dare to hope that if he is allowed to see the England of to-day, similar consolations will be presented to him for other disappointments. But, however this may be, I cannot doubt that he is allowed to know and to pray for what is here being attempted in his name. I feel sure that, so far, there has been nothing which would not have brought gladness to his heart on earth, and I trust all the issues of your undertaking will increase his joy in Paradise.

If this is to be so, you who have come here to-day to honour his name must follow him not only in his steadfastness but in his facile and faithful response to the guiding hand of God. It is only too possible for any one of us to base his life on a selfish obstinacy, while divine truth has passed away into a vague religionism. But it is also blessedly possible, on the other hand, while we know what and Whom we believe, to offer ourselves for all the delicate developments of the divine leading. If the example of Henry Liddon is to be fruitful, it will be by the combination of steadfast adherence to the Faith with a wistful and eager desire to be true ' to the least and lightest ' word of the Holy Spirit.

Before the altar of this chapel we may well make an act of faith : ' O my God, I believe in Thee, Three Persons in One God, and I believe that Jesus Christ came down from heaven and died for me ; and I believe all the truths which He has taught me by His Church and by His Word. Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.' But not less fitly may we offer ourselves for all right decisions, for the true use of our freedom, for the following of the Lamb ' whithersoever He goeth ' : ' O my God, I am not my own, but Thine ; take me for Thine own, and make me in all things to do Thy holy will. O my God, I give myself to Thee, for joy or for sorrow, for sickness or for health, for life or for death, for time and for eternity. Make me and keep me Thine own, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

INSTRUCTIONS AND ADDRESSES

I

THE GIFT OF FAITH[1]

IF I am asked why I am a Christian, I reply that the God Who made me has given me a gift of faith. By faith I mean certainty about something which I cannot see or prove. I am sure of the being of God, and I can give many probable reasons for being sure, but the gift of faith makes me far more sure than any reasons. I am sure that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, is true God, as the Catholic Church believes and teaches, and it is the gift of God that makes me sure. This is the way in which faith is spoken of in the records which have been accepted by those who have the gift of faith in our Lord. When S. Peter in the name of the disciples confessed our Lord to be the Christ, Whom the Jews looked for, our Lord told him that flesh and blood had not revealed it to him ; it was not learning or cleverness that taught him ; but it had been revealed to

[1] 'For man's ignorance
and frailty the only saving consolation is faith,
the which theologians tell us is the gift of God,
as other good things are.'
(Robert Bridges, *The Testament of Beauty*, i. 566–9.)

him by 'My Father, which is in heaven.' S. Paul tells the Ephesians, 'By grace have ye been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves : it is the gift of God.' He speaks of his own faithfulness, which probably means his adherence to the faith, as belonging to him through 'the mercy of God.' He says that no man can say that Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit. He tells the Philippians that their faith and their sufferings are alike gifts from God. So S. John says that God hath given us of His Spirit, and we have beheld and bear witness that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.[1]

The Gospel record gives us the picture of the birth of our religion. A group of men and women, trained in the Hebrew religion, which taught them to hope for the Anointed Servant of the Lord, came to have four convictions about the Master Whom they followed : (i) that His words and acts and His Personality gave them what they most needed ; (ii) that He had a right to ask for absolute trust and obedience from them ; (iii) that He was the promised Christ, the Anointed Servant of the Lord ; and finally, (iv) after a time, and by degrees, they became sure that He was the equal Son of the One True God.

When I am conscious of this gift of faith, and seek to make the most of it, I do not stand alone.

[1] S. Matt. xvi. 17 ; Eph. ii. 8 ; 1 Cor. xii. 3 ; Phil. i. 29 ; 1 S. John iv. 13, 14.

By faith I am admitted to the most glorious fellowship that the world has ever seen. At this moment there is no part of the world which does not contain some men and women who have this gift, and amongst these believers there are many to whom the friendship and presence of our Lord are as certain as His existence and His Godhead.

Moreover, if this faith be true, it must be meant for all men. Many have doubtless been saved by the grace of our Lord, Whose Name they have never known ; those who have sought Him through false religions have doubtless been saved by Him through the seeking He has inspired, in spite of the false ideas which they have held. He has spoken of His sheep who did not hear the voices of the 'thieves and robbers' who came before Him. But when He makes the offer of faith in Himself to any one of His creatures, it must be accepted as a condition of salvation. No man cometh unto the Father but by Him. The tremendous thought that God is our brother belongs to the religion of Jesus Christ alone. Robert Browning, with his great power of seeing how the human mind is moved by deep and pregnant thoughts, has described how the idea of the Incarnation takes possession, in spite of himself, of the Arab physician.

> The very God ! Think, Abib ; dost thou think ?
> So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too ;
> So, through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here !

Face My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me Who have died for thee !

Nothing like this has been imagined by Buddhists or Mohammedans of the founders of their religions.

The gift of faith is received by us who are baptized as part of the mind of Christ, which belongs to His members.[1] He can give it, as He will, to the unbaptized. But it may be given and yet be of no avail until it is claimed and used. A letter containing a note for a thousand pounds may reach me, but if I leave it unopened it will do me no good. The opening of the gift of faith may often be needed for true conviction ; it is always needed for justifying faith, of which we shall speak later ; but it is by the gift of God that faith is bestowed. It is the inheritance of the child and the slave as well as of the sage and the student. The sage and the student may have to prepare for the use of faith or the search for faith by other means, but in the last resort they must receive it as the child receives it. The gift of faith is like the gift of music. If a musician tells me I am singing out of tune, and I ask for proof, he can only say, Any musician will tell you so. To quote Browning again :

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer has his say, his tale of the weal or the woe;

[1] 1 Cor. ii. 16.

But there are some of us God whispers in the ear,
Others may reason and welcome, but we musicians know.

Christians are the musicians who know God Incarnate, as *The Imitation of Christ* is called *The Ecclesiastical Music*. Sound reason accepts the witness of the intuition of the inspired soul. But inference, learning, and demonstration have their place in the service of faith. They lead to probability, and probability, as Bishop Butler tells us, is the guide of life ; but faith goes beyond probability, and is the divine gift of certainty. I go to the railway station at the time given in Bradshaw, because it is probable that the train will start at that time, and I should go at the time stated even in Spain, where the time-table bears a widely varying relation to the actual start, for probability may be stronger or weaker, but my certainty of the goodness of some holy soul I have known is not dependent on the sliding scale of probability ; I do not find it in Bradshaw, I perceive it with my whole being.

We sometimes find that the doctrine of the gift of faith is too simple for our friends. They wish the prophet to bid them do some great thing. A man says he would despise himself if he knelt down and mesmerized himself into sharing our consciousness of the gift of faith. Well, he may do as great a thing as he pleases. He may study the evidences from history, philosophy, and metaphysics; from what man

has done, from what man has thought, and from what man is. Not that these will give him certainty, but they will, by God's mercy, remove his difficulty. They will show him that the central truth of faith is probable, and he may no longer refuse to pray that it may pass into the certainty of faith. If we were suggesting lines of study for him, we might ask him to consider how the doctrine of the Incarnate Christ answers to the needs of man ; how man can refuse the claims of Christ ; how he can account for the wonderful correspondence, (1) between the Old Testament, in its main issue, as well as in its surprising details, and the Christ of the New Testament ; and (2) between the teaching and attitude of Christ and the strong evidence for His actual Resurrection ; lastly, what is the result of the Incarnation in the civilized world and in the converted man ? It may not be amiss to remind him of the closing words of the *Autobiography* of Herbert Spencer, who has seemed to so many the author of a system that can supersede Christianity. ' Thus religious needs, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need : feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that those solutions could be found.' [1]

[1] *Life*, ii. 471.

If any feel unable to accept the Christian solutions of the questions for which no other solutions are to be found, we must remind them, with ourselves, of the indispensable condition for both gaining and keeping a saving faith : ' Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

II

ZACCHAEUS

Jesus said unto him, To-day is salvation come unto this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham. For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost' (*S. Luke* xix. 9, 10).

THERE must have been great changes in the condition of the man to whom our Lord said these words. First, he was a son of Abraham, and so had a great blessing from God. He had been started on the right path.

But, secondly, he was 'lost.' Though he had the blessing of belonging to God's chosen people, yet by sin he had forfeited that blessing, and all that it might have led to. He was 'lost.'

Then, thirdly, salvation came to him. And not to him alone, but to his house. Before, he had been a hindrance to those who belonged to him; now, he would be a help to them. It is a great blessing for any one to belong to a house where the head of the household is in a state of salvation.

This salvation came to the house of Zacchaeus when our Lord Jesus came to it. Wherever He comes, and is welcomed, there salvation comes. We cannot be friends with Him and enemies

of God, for He is God. Though we cannot see Him, He is willing to come to us now, by the power of His Holy Spirit.

Well may we say, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people.'

How did it happen that our Lord visited Zacchaeus? His home was in Jericho, a city full of busy trade. Much money passed from hand to hand in Jericho, and the publicans, as they were called, who collected taxes there, were under great temptation to be dishonest and make fortunes by fraud. Zacchaeus was the chief among the publicans, and by these bad ways he had become rich.

One day he heard that Jesus was coming to Jericho. He knew that Jesus was a poor Man, Who nevertheless had a wonderful power over all sorts of persons. Many had followed Him and always seemed to love Him. Some miles up the country, in Galilee, a man named Levi (so Zacchaeus may have heard), a publican like himself, had suddenly left his business, at the command of Jesus, and followed Him. Perhaps Levi will be with Him when He comes into Jericho. Zacchaeus thought he would like to see. But, rich as he was, it was not very easy for Zacchaeus to gratify his curiosity, for he was a very short man, and when he left his house to look for Jesus, he found that the crowd was so great that he could not get within sight of Him. So he hastened away to a place where

he knew our Lord would pass, and climbed up into a tree.

I have often thought that when Zacchaeus found himself in the tree he must have felt rather awkward. It would be a strange thing to see some elderly gentleman who had made his fortune in his native place sitting in a tree to see a crowd pass. But the truth is that it was not mere curiosity that made Zacchaeus climb into a sycamore tree. The Name of Jesus had a power over him which he hardly knew himself. It was not a very clear feeling, but it touched a place in his heart that was tender with the recollections of old days—this thought of the gentle, powerful Friend of all, of One Who, without riches, could do so much good, and win so much love. Zacchaeus did not yet know that our Lord was, besides this, the true and everlasting God, by Whom all things were made, but of course it was the Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, Who was moving his heart. And so he found himself in a position that seemed very strange to him, and perhaps when he had got there he almost wished that he had never come. Certainly that has sometimes been the case with men who have come to a mission service. They hardly know what brought them. Partly curiosity, but not only curiosity, or at least not merely the wish, as they say, to pass away the time, but a strange wistful longing to get what only Jesus can give them. And when one who

has not been for years perhaps to church finds himself there once more, it is not surprising if he feels strange at first, almost as strange as Zacchaeus in the tree.

But Zacchaeus had not much time for these thoughts, for now the crowd is coming near, and he can distinguish the persons who compose it. Which is Levi, and which are the fishermen ? Which, he thinks—but ah ! there can be no doubt ; he thinks no more of Levi or the rest. He has caught sight of the One Face to which all men turn with quenchless longing and love, unless sin blinds their eyes, the Face of Jesus. Zacchaeus does not mind now, if he does feel strange ; he has forgotten the tree, the crowd, even himself he has forgotten ; he only sees Jesus. And, he thinks, only for a few moments! Soon the procession will have passed, and the poor man, after seeing that sweet sight, may just go back to his life of dreary success and weary sin.

And now our Lord is close to the tree. Zacchaeus feels his heart beat. He longs to cry to Him, but he does not dare. Never did joy and pain meet in his heart like this before. And Jesus looked up ; eye to eye Zacchaeus saw his Lord. Then came the words : ' Zacchaeus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house.' Wonderful, past all expectation. Jesus knows Zacchaeus by name. Yes, the Good Shepherd knows His sheep. Never in his life had Zacchaeus felt so worthless and

useless, in spite of his riches and influence. Yet our Lord will use him, Jesus will be his Guest. And no time is to be lost. 'Make haste and come down.' There is no chance of getting the home ready. *To-day* our Lord will enter it.

To us also He comes as a Guest. When the time has come for me to be called to the Holy Communion, our Lord says to me as He said to Zacchaeus, 'To-day I must abide at thy house.' And I must not put it off. Make haste, He says. All I need is to 'come down.' I must humble myself. I must come down from my pride, my false shame. I must come down from pride to the faith of a little child. I must come down from shame to the full confession of a contrite heart.

But then people will say that I am not fit to have Jesus for my Guest. I fear I shall bring discredit on Him. So it was with Zacchaeus. He made haste and came down, and received our Lord joyfully. 'And when they saw it they all murmured, saying, That He was gone to be Guest with a man that is a sinner.' *They!* We are not told who they were. It was the general talk. *They!* How often men have been kept from Communion, kept from Jesus, by what '*they say*.' Zacchaeus felt the unkind words. He could not bear to feel that he was causing Jesus to be spoken against. And so he did a noble thing. Half his property he gave away to the poor on the spot. Out of the remaining half he restored four times as much

as he had wrongfully taken from any one. If his fortune was twenty thousand pounds and he had cheated to the amount of one thousand pounds, he would have been left with six thousand pounds.

He did not do this to buy salvation. That he could not do. Salvation came to him by the loving Presence of Jesus. But he did it to make himself feel, and to make others see, that he was a changed man. And then it was that our Lord declared that salvation had come to him. The rich man had become poor ; the proud man had become humble ; the man of curiosity had become a man of faith ; the son of Abraham had become the friend of Jesus ; the lost man was saved.

III

EUCHARISTIC ADORATION[1]

I HAVE spoken to you before on the questions which have arisen in connection with the Blessed Sacrament, but I should like now to add a few words.

On Corpus Christi Day I had to preach on this subject. I found myself taking these two texts : S. Matthew xxviii. 9 and S. John xx. 17. They present a great contrast. Both are records of what our Lord permitted to His Church in the great Forty Days. In the first He greeted the holy women, they fall and worship Him, and hold Him by the feet. In the second S. Mary Magdalene recognizes Him in the garden and is moved to do the same, but in this instance He says, ' Touch Me not.' In each case His action was absolutely perfect in itself and exemplary in every way ; yet we have the great contrast.

As I was thinking how to help those to whom I was speaking in regard to the great difficulties going on around us, I felt that we are now face

[1] An address given by the Warden at a Chapter of the Community of the Epiphany, November 3, 1919.

S. Mary's Cottage, Shipton Beauchamp, where Canon Coles died.
(Photograph by Mr. Francis Jones.)

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to face with a contrast like that to which I referred in the two texts. The worship of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament we believe to be part of the inheritance handed down to us in the Catholic Revival. Keble in his *Eucharistic Adoration*, written about fifty years ago, speaks of the worship of our Blessed Lord in His sacred Manhood, under the outward forms of Bread and Wine ; he disclaims making any formal statement as to what outward acts are appropriate to this adoration, but while he condemns nothing, he suggests nothing.

Dr. Neale began Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament for some Sisters under his care,[1] at a time when they were in great difficulty and unrecognized by the Church. They carried this custom to their house in London, and Father Mackonochie continued to give Benediction in their chapel.[2]

Dr. Littledale also followed this custom, but it was a long while before further developments took place.

Looking back over the history of our Church, we see first special adoration of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament ; later followed Exposition ;

[1] Reservation was begun at S. Margaret's Convent, East Grinstead, certainly in 1857, or possibly earlier, and Exposition and Benediction certainly in 1858.

[2] The Sisters at S. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston, have notes in Father Mackonochie's handwriting, arranging for Benediction. They have also the letter of the Bishop of London (Tait) asking him to undertake the chaplaincy to the Sisters, and do all in his power to help them. The date is 1867.

and last of all the making of the sign of the Cross with the monstrance over the people.

It is clear to us that Reservation was the regular rule of the Church from the beginning, one thousand years before special arrangements were made for the adoration of our Blessed Lord in the Reserved Sacrament. The service of Benediction was not introduced until just before the Reformation.[1]

Two things promoted this special worship : (1) Disbelief in, and denial of, the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. (This controversy was confined to the Western Church, and vindicatory usages sprang up there. The Eastern Church held the same doctrine, but it was never questioned.) (2) The Reserved Sacrament was the cause of a great increase of devotion among devout souls.

After the Reformation, Reservation ceased, but the Article (xxviii) then drawn up does not forbid it. These Articles were carefully worded so as to include Catholic doctrine in a way which would not offend Protestants.

Looking back over the whole history of the Church, we see great stretches of time when the worship by the Church of our Lord in the Reserved Sacrament had no public recognition, and yet for one thousand years it has been very dear to holy souls.

With us it has now become possible to have

[1] The date is probably earlier. See Stone, *The Faith of an English Catholic*, p. 51.

some arrangements which promote Reservation. There are still difficulties. Many of us feel that any rites connected with it do require the sanction of the bishop, and in some places it cannot be had yet. But to me it is a wonderful thing that it is wholly permitted in the Diocese of London. Benediction is not permitted.

There are large portions of time when the Church, which is ruled by the Holy Spirit, did nothing to promote the special worship of our Lord in the Reserved Sacrament. I deprecate the introduction of Benediction without the bishop's sanction. But I have been much impressed by the devotion of many souls who have learnt to worship in the Presence of the Reserved Sacrament, resulting in increased communions.

Together with this we get the contrast of the Church dealing with Christians in different ways. Many holy souls have lived and died, never knowing the worship of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

We find this contrast in the scenes given in our texts. Both are most fitting and of the highest perfection. I do not need to draw out the contrast between the holy women and S. Mary Magdalene ; the first belonged to the general stream of habitually devout followers of Jesus ; the second was eager, anxious, fervent. The touch was absolutely good for the one, but not for the other.

IV

THE TITLES OF THE AUTHOR OF PSALM CXIX

Notes for a Retreat

1. *A Young Man*

i. Purity is the glory and the difficulty of young men, and of all who, like them, are waiting for fatherhood, or even for the perfect use of it. It is attained by sacrifice.

ii. It needs watchfulness against occasions, self-deceits, beginnings, scruples.

iii. It is secured by reliance on the revelation and guidance of God.

2. *The Servant of the Lord*

In thirteen verses which speak of the servant, about ten are direct appeals of the soul to God : one is a thanksgiving ; one speaks of meditation, one of love, one of fear.

i. The character of the servant is based on direct access to God, seeking for life, strength, relief, protection, understanding, teaching, restoration.

ii. This is based on meditation, treated as a primary occupation.

iii. Such meditation rests on love, thanksgiving, hope, and fear.

3. *The Stranger upon earth*

i. Natural life seems to have a home elsewhere.

ii. This became actually true in the Incarnate Lord.

iii. And is true by the unworldliness of His servants.

4. *The Companion of them that fear the Lord*

i. Friendship based on φιλανθρωπία.

ii. Deepened by special choice, dependent on divine providence.

iii. Guarded as to dangers—

(*a*) Of alliances.

(*b*) Of misuse.

iv. Passing into Communion of Saints.

5. *A Bottle* (*wineskin*) *in the smoke*

i. Contrast between the sad present and the happy past.

ii. Sadness in the present, actual and intended.

iii. A happier future hoped for.

6. *The Lost Sheep*

i. The greatness of venial sin.

ii. Need of perpetual penitence.

iii. Always begun by God.

HYMNS AND VERSES

HYMNS AND VERSES

NO record of Coles's life would be complete which made no mention of his hymns and verses. He began writing hymns as a boy at Eton, where the notable poets Bridges and Dolben were among his intimate friends.[1] Gerard Manley Hopkins was an undergraduate with him at Balliol.[2] In 1862 he already possessed Dr. Neale's *Sequentiae ex Missalibus*, and soon afterwards, Mone's *Hymni Latini*. Throughout his life, when he was stirred about something, he often wrote out what he felt in verses which he would send on to his friends. In his missions and retreats he made frequent use of *Petentis Petitio* and 'Holy Spirit, show me my sin.'

In 1906 there was some episcopal condemnation of certain of his hymns, but Coles wrote cheerfully to a friend: 'I feel honoured that my two hymns on the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Blessed Sacrament have been singled out for disapproval by those to whom the Catholic Tradition means little.'

[1] See Memoir by Robert Bridges prefixed to *Dolben: Poems*, 1911.

[2] Coles told Liddon about the proposal of Hopkins to become a Roman Catholic. Lahey, *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, p. 38.

The following of his hymns are in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (Old Edition with two supplements) and in the *English Hymnal* : We pray Thee, 321 ;[1] O Shepherd of the sheep, 453 ; O Lamb of God, 456 ; Almighty Father, 712 ; Father, Whose love, 762—*Hymns Ancient and Modern*. O Shepherd of the sheep, 190 ; Ye who own, 218 ; We pray Thee, 334 [1]—*English Hymnal*.

Petentis Petitio

Make what is true more true to me ;
Let fuller light appear ;
All that is evil take from me ;
All that is doubtful clear.

Let no false confidence betray,
No foolish fears mislead ;
But in the right and narrow way
Be Thou my hope indeed.

Do more for me than I may know ;
From self my will set free ;
Thy perfect gift of love bestow,
That I Thy child may be.

To the Holy Spirit

Holy Spirit, show me my sin,
Show me the Blessed Lamb of God,
Make me think of heaven and hell,
Holy Spirit, give me faith.

[1] After the first verse, these hymns are different.

Holy Spirit, stir my will,
Give me the gift of holy fear,
Make me know the love of God,
Holy Spirit, give me hope.

Holy Spirit, give me peace,
Peace with God and peace with man,
Teach me and lead me where Thou wilt,
Holy Spirit, give me love.

Spiritual Communion

Lord, Thy love was with me
When by grace I went
To receive Thee duly
In Thy Sacrament.

Let that love be with me
Now again to-day,
When for high Communion
I am fain to pray.

Though Thou art not given
Throned upon my hand,
Though my lips receive not,
Faith may understand

That the Almighty Spirit
Can perform His will,
And the condescension
Of Thy love fulfil.

So again and ever
Do I long for Thee,
That again and ever
Thou my Food wilt be.

Day by day I seek Thee,
Hour by hour I cry
For renewed Communion
With Thy Majesty.

Though I do not take Thee
In the outward sign,
Yet the gift transcendent
May be truly mine.

For Thy glorious Manhood
Passes time and space,
And I may receive Thee
By Thy Spirit's grace.

Thus to-day in this wise
I am well content,
But oh let me hail Thee
In Thy Sacrament.

The Hour of Temptation[1]

This is the time when I must pray
Because to pray I know not how,
For I am near despair to-day ;
My only hope, O Lord, art Thou.

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from *A Parson's Defence*, by the Rev. S. C. Carpenter (Longmans Green & Co.).

This is the day which Thou didst know
Was coming on me, when Thy love
Cheered and refreshed me long ago,
And gave a glimpse of joys above.

This is the day and this the hour,
This moment have I need of Thee—
Now, when I feel the bad, dark power,
That seems almost too strong for me.

For while I call it dark and bad,
And use the words which Thou hast given,
I all but feel I should be glad
To think there were no hell or heaven.

I all but feel it ; yet I cry
Out of the very darkest deep,
And know that I am heard on high,
And that Thy love my soul will keep.

I cannot see Thee as Thou art,
I cannot feel, what feel I would,
I cannot now lift up my heart,
And yet I know that Thou art good.

A broken and a contrite heart
I know Thou wilt not, Lord, despise ;
Broken and crushed am I, Thou art
My King, my Lord, my Sacrifice.

O teach me, teach me how to pray,
Break my hard heart and loose my tongue;
And so for me in heaven to-day
Shall songs of praise, dear Lord, be sung

To the Blessed Virgin

Holiest of creatures,
Over all preferred,
Chosen of the Father,
Mother of the Word ;

Thee the Holy Spirit
Filled and filled with grace
That thy God might have thee
For His dwelling-place.

Only by faith's insight,
Known and understood,
Was the unheard of marvel
Of thy motherhood.

Only to the angels
Was the secret known
When the Word Incarnate
Made in thee His throne.

Who can weigh thy greatness
In thy Maker's sight ?
Only they who know Him
In the depth and height.

Who may tell the power
Of the Mother's prayer ?
Only they who truly
In her faith can share.

Wherefore on our journey
Perilous and long,
Night by night we claim it,
Mary's holy song.

Will she not in pity
As her words we sing,
With her prayers befriend us,
Mother of the King ?

Is it not Thy pleasure,
Jesus, Lord most kind,
That Thy Mother's honour
Should be had in mind ?

As upon the mountain
In the time of prayer,
Moses and Elias
Came Thy work to share,

So to aid our weakness
May Thy Mother come,
With all saints around her
From her secret home.

As we bring the praises
That she brought to Thee,
So may our petitions
Her petitions be.

By that intercession
Binding all in one,
May Thy Name be honoured,
May Thy will be done.

As Thou art our Brother,
God upon the throne,
Make us pure and holy,
Make us all Thine own.

The Blessed Virgin[1]

Ye who own the faith of Jesus,
Sing the wonders that were done,
When the love of God the Father
O'er our sin the victory won,
When He made the Virgin Mary
Mother of His only Son.
Hail, Mary, full of grace.

For the King of men and angels
Chose her out of all He made,
And in robes of grace and glory
Her humility arrayed ;
With the radiant sun He clothed her,
At her feet the moon He laid.
Hail, Mary, full of grace.

Thus prepared, and thus exalted,
Lowly still, and still unknown,
Mary waited till the fullness
Of her destiny was shown,
Till the Maid became God's Mother,
And her nursing arms His throne.
Hail, Mary, full of grace.

[1] The enthusiastic singing of this hymn was one of the most notable features of the first Anglo-Catholic Congress of 1920. Some verses are here printed which are not to be found in the *English Hymnal*.

So of her that loved and suffered
Was our better Samuel born,
So did Sion's Virgin daughter
Laugh Assyria's might to scorn,
So did Esther, daring all things,
Lift again the captives' horn.
Hail, Mary, full of grace.

As we sing, her prayer is rising,
For her heart with us is one,
Unforbidden we may ask it,
That the Mother from her Son
May obtain the full fruition
Of His work in us begun.
Hail, Mary, full of grace.

Praise, O Mary, praise the Father,
Praise thy Saviour and thy Son,
Praise the everlasting Spirit,
Who hath made thee ark and throne ;
O'er the seraphim exalted
Lowly praise the Three in One,
O Mary, full of grace !

S. John of the Cross

I faint ; I seek ; all things are one to me
Hating myself ; no pain can weary me ;
Loving I long, and longing I could die :
With wondrous speed to God Himself I fly ;
Bold and more bold, I lift mine eyes on high ;
Holding Him fast, He holds me ; ecstasy
Of sweetness fills my soul ; ah, what am I ?
He has transformed me for eternity.

In Time of War

Lord, in Whose eternal counsels
Past and future are as one,
Hear the prayer Thy people offer
For the sake of Christ Thy Son.

Move, O Lord, the heart of England,
Quicken us to pray aright,
Let our love of home and kindred
Be made holy in Thy sight.

Thou hast trusted us with greatness,
Nurtured us with good success ;
To Thy trust oh make us faithful ;
Guide our steps in righteousness.

At Thy feet we lay our quarrel,
Daring not to hold our hand,
Till by justice shall be welded
Race to race and land to land.

Only for the cause of freedom
May we strive with fire and sword ;
Only to be generous victors,
If Thy mercy grant it, Lord.

While we pray, the bugles calling
Spread our armies o'er the field ;
In the issue of the conflict
Let Thy glory be revealed.

Bid the angels of Thy mercy
O'er the shifting battle fly ;
By Thy love secure the pardon
Of our brethren 'ere they die.

Let the benefits unfathomed
Of the all-holy sacrifice
Bring Thy sons who fall in battle
To the light of Paradise.

In the pathway of Thy judgements,
Lo, for Thee Thy servants wait,
Safe with Thee, Who didst redeem us,
Safe with Thee, Who didst create.

So at last, through joy and sorrow,
Warfare ended, peace restored,
For Thy mercies and Thy judgements
We may praise Thy Name, O Lord.

ACTS

Act of Faith

O my God, I believe in Thee, Three Persons in One God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and I believe that Jesus Christ, God the Son, came down from heaven, and was made man, and died for me ; and I believe all the truths which He has taught me, by His Church and by His Word. Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

Act of Hope

O my God, I hope in Thee, to help me in all my troubles, to forgive me all my sins, to be with me in all my ways, and to bring me to Thee in heaven at last. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

Act of Charity

O my God, I desire to love Thee, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength ; because Thou alone art perfectly good, and worthy of love ; and because Jesus Christ died for me. May I, for His sake, so love my neighbour, as Thou hast loved me.

Act of Contrition

O my God, I desire to hate and forsake, out of love for Thee, all sins by which I have ever displeased Thee ; and I resolve, by Thy grace, to do the same no more ; and to avoid all occasions of sin. Help me to do this, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Act of Devotion

O my God, I am not my own, but Thine ; take me for Thine own, and make me in all things to do Thy blessed will. O my God, I give myself to Thee, for joy or for sorrow, for sickness or for health, for life or for death, for time and for eternity. Make me and keep me Thine own, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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